

LIGHT AND SHADE

IN WAR



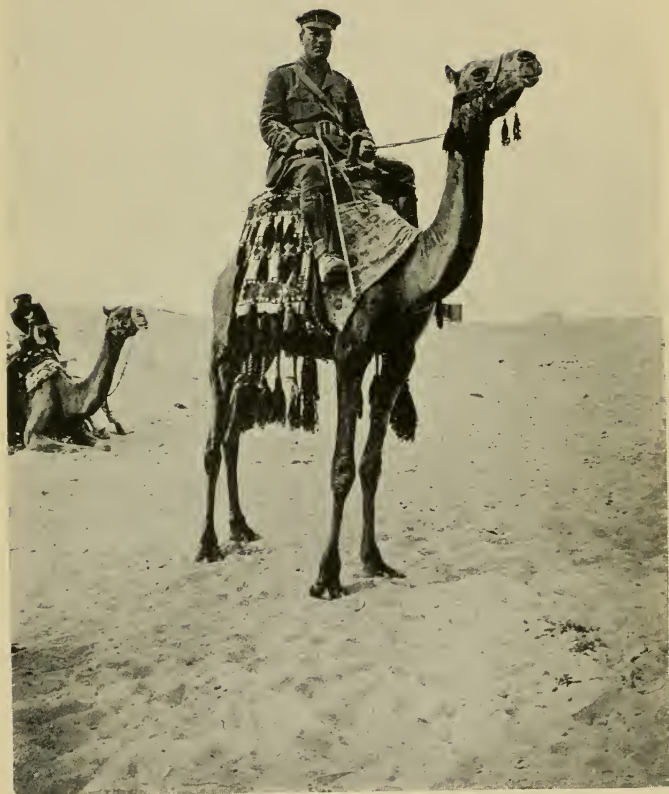


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LIGHT AND SHADE IN WAR



THE CAMEL GOT US THERE.

LIGHT AND SHADE IN WAR

By

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ILLUSTRATED

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*It is not we who fare afield
Into the realms of war
That needs must have our hearts annealed
To death, or wound, or jar ;
But those who give the last embrace,
And slow their lonely steps retrace.*

*Brave hearts that showed no fear,
Fond eyes that shed no tear,
Our hearts with theirs in unison
Will beat howe'er we roam,
For each loved one our benison—
The Brave who stayed at home.*

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TO
THE ONE
WHO WAITED :
WITH
ALL
OUR LOVE

PREFACE

THE authors of this book, father and son, have seen much of the Light and Shade of War during the past two years, the one as a War Correspondent in Egypt, Turkey and France, the other as a soldier, and, afterwards, as one of the staff of *The Times*.

The day for writing the histories of our different campaigns is not yet. For the purposes of history delay is necessary, even though the gain in perspective may mean loss in colour. But there is a legitimate desire for the intimate and immediate impressions of the time, written down amid the ever-shifting scenes of the War itself. Such impressions will have some value now, and perhaps also in after years.

Most of these sketches were written whilst the scenes and incidents they depict were fresh in the mind ; some under fire. The proofs were corrected on the battlefield of the Somme in a tent over which British and German shells were passing at the time. While due allowance will be made for shortcomings

owing to the circumstances under which the book was produced, the authors hope that no apology will be needed for presenting such pictures of the Light and Shade of War to the English-speaking World.

They wish to express their thanks to the proprietors of *Punch* for the right to republish "Abdul," "The Grist House," and "Benevolent Neutrality." The following are included by courtesy of *The Times* :—"The Landing," "Oak-Apple Day," "St. Paul's and the Abbey," "London Ghosts," "Men of the Glen," "The Home of My Fathers," "Tipirere," "Groups in Camp," "Golfers from the Sea," "The Coast-Guard," "The Battle Cruisers," "Building the Warships," "Playing the Bye." The article "A Kneeling Hamlet" is from the pen of "The One who Stayed at Home," and appeared first in *The Times*.

August 4, 1916.

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THE LAST LOAD

ON days when bullets fell like heavy hail, and shrapnel and high explosive came tearing through the air towards trench and pier and bivouac, one watched with curious interest the sweating stretcher-bearers with straining thews carrying their inert burdens down the narrow paths of the *deres* to the dressing-stations, and from the latter to the Casualty Clearing Stations. One saw also, with a sadness relieved by their uncomplaining bravery, the line of blood-stained wounded marching slowly along the winding, dusty sap to the jetties where the motor-launch was waiting to take them to the safer haven of the Hospital Ships. The badly wounded and the very sick were carried down under cover of the darkness. The Sea of Saros in its summer calm reflected the graceful lines of these ships floating between the blue of a cloudless sky and the deeper blue of the glassy water. In the night-time their lights sent shimmering lines of red and green and gold towards the shore—beckoning fingers to the sick and wounded. There was always a ship, sometimes two or three ships, there, waiting—waiting for its load from the wreckage of the battlefield.

As soon as one went another took its place. Imagination followed them to the outer islands and the other lands where they unloaded their battered freight, and wondered how many moons would come and go before they steamed away with their last load. The day came much sooner than we expected.

On a grey morning, with the smoke of our burning stores rising in a straight column and mingling with the mists that shrouded the heights of the Peninsula, two war correspondents, whose home had been at Anzac and No. 2 Outpost, left the shores of Anzac for the last time to witness from a warship the closing scenes of the great drama. Looking back at the receding outlines of the high land looming through the smoke and mist above the leaden water one remembered the broad atmospheric effects of Turner : the dim blurred efforts of Whistler. Out of the greyness the warship itself appeared suddenly as a spectral form. The little pinnacle came almost to a dead stop under the great white-painted hull of an Allan liner—a hospital ship awaiting her last load. It was the fate of one of the war correspondents to watch the closing scene from a port-hole in this ship, the while the Officers' Ward slowly filled with sick and wounded.

It was Sunday—day of battles—and while the Padre was cheering the sick, and the doctors and nurses were dressing the wounded, enemy shells were bursting in our trenches. The Turks had blown up a mine and were “ strafing ” Hill 60. The Apex got its share, and Suvla too. Our own de-

pleted batteries made feeble reply, for it was the "last day" and nearly all the guns had gone. All this one could see dimly through the greyness. Abdul—unaware of the fact—was sending us our last load.

It came as a sad surprise to find two of one's own friends already in the cots occupied by the wounded. One, hard hit with shrapnel, was struggling bravely against the Grim Warrior who so often settles the accounts of wounded soldiers. But a few hours before, we had laughingly said good-bye to one another at Anzac, promising ourselves a good time in Egypt, or England, or wherever we were going to in the near future. Brave fellow! He almost won through.

By noon the Officers' Ward began to fill. Two Gurkhas—the one moaning, the other sadly silent and still—headed the procession. They were victims of the explosion on Hill 60. The little Subadar, in great pain, fought with his hands—they were small, like a woman's—as they lifted him from stretcher to cot. Following these two came other wounded, and some sick. These sick had been fighting disease and doctors in a vain hope that they might be with the "Diehards" at the finish. One was an Anzac Battalion Commander—a man who had seen the world. Straining his memory for a few Indian phrases learnt in the long ago he tried to calm the wounded Subadar. He could not rest in his own bed, but wandered through the ward, going from cot to cot, gazing at each

patient very much as a curious robin might look at objects that were strange to him. To the doctor who questioned him he said he was quite well. But another Anzac officer told us the true story. He had been wounded in the landing and wounded again—riddled, the officer called it—in the Lone Pine affair. You will remember that there were seven V.C.'s for Lone Pine. Shipped to England he had finally broken loose from the doctors, paid his passage back to Egypt, and rejoined his battalion on Gallipoli. But the strain had been too great. Wounds and sickness had told their tale. He had broken down at the finish. The word "debility" had been written opposite his name.

The Officers' Ward filled slowly until darkness descended upon us. Through the port-hole we could see on the hills the well-remembered beacon lamps—signals beyond which the Navy could shoot at night. A few lights still glimmered in the dug-outs of the almost depopulated Corps and Divisional Headquarters. Fitful gleams from incinerators pierced the darkness, and the great glow of the still burning provision depot illumined the sky.

Time passed and the ship's wireless buzzed the signal for departure. The anchor chain rattled. The screws began to turn, and the ship steamed slow ahead, carrying her last load across the Gulf of Saros.

There had been no Turkish attack: there were still empty cots in the Hospital Ships; the evacuation was almost at an end! Fed and washed, and

with their wounds dressed, the patients, one by one, fell into the troubled sleep that is their lot. Even "Debility" was in the land of dreams. The wakeful, with all their recent hopes and fears now behind them, lay thinking—listening the while to the slow, monotonous throb of the engines and the soothing swish of water along the ship's side. The night nurse—a tall, bright, capable English girl—went quietly through the ward, smoothing a pillow here, talking softly to a restless patient there.

The Subadar awoke with a moan and a cry of "Water! Water!" The sister was quickly at his side. In his delirium his little brown hand gripped her slender arm with all its power. The grip hurt, but she bore it uncomplainingly, as she tried to calm her patient.

Over the other Indian a doctor, with another sister in attendance, was bending thoughtfully, listening. For this one there was nothing more to be done. They lowered the curtains from the brass rods above his cot, and left him there with a light brightly burning. He had never once spoken. Unconsciously, and without a moan, he had passed into the Unknown. The Reaper had claimed his last toll from the Hill: he had lightened the last load from the Peninsula. When, far into the night, we looked again, the cot was empty. Then the slow throb of the engines became still slower, the swish of little waves along the ship's side died away. There was a splash in the dark water! The fire-bars at his feet were carrying him

down—one more body to dot the line of sleeping soldiers marking the ways of the white ships from Gallipoli to Lemnos, to Malta, to Alexandria—even to Mother England. On the floor of the sea these lines still lie, with the dim shadows of the submarines passing over them, after all the living have sailed away. It was not only on the heights of Anzac that our gallant dead found sepulture. Yet would we fain believe that not one life had been given, not one drop of blood shed in vain.

The other Indian, knowing nothing of all this, had fallen asleep, and quiet reigned once more in the ward. The silence was broken with the strong voice of command—

“Get that gun! Get that gun!”

It was the voice of “Debility.” He was fighting his battles over again in dreamland. One pictured the scene—the brave Anzacs leaving their trench: charging forward to almost certain death; the usual machine guns on the flanks mowing them down; then the enemy trench—bombs and the bayonet! Moving quickly but quietly through the ward the sister was at his side soothing him back to slumber. Then silence reigned again. There was not even a moan. It was weirdly uncanny. In less than ten minutes the quiet was broken with another ringing command—

“Hang on the Force! Hang on the Force! Steady there, men! Stick it out!”

Yes, without a doubt, it was Lone Pine. He had won his trench and was holding it. But there was a

fringe of dead along the parapet, and a thousand dead—friend and foe—inside the trench. The seven V.C.'s—aye, many more—had been honourably won.

When dawn had come we were once more at anchor, and the cirque of brown hills that rise above the Lemnos harbour lay around us. Five hundred sick and wounded that had been transferred to a trooper from this same ship in the earlier stages of the evacuation were now re-embarked. Again the anchor chain rattled in the winch, and this time the ship headed, full speed, for Egypt.

A little less than two days brought us into port again. The two New Zealanders in the Officers' Ward parted company, for they were going into different hospitals. The sorely stricken one was still brave and cheerful. They said good-bye, promising each other a dinner at Shephard's in the near future. But that dinner, like many another promised dinner in the great war, was never eaten. Opposite the name of the one, next day, appeared the three words that have meant tears in many a distant home—"Died of wounds." The big letter of credit that he had been solicitous about did not matter now. The little Bible, "with love to Daddy," written in the half-formed hand of a little child, perhaps did. While the ship lay empty at the quay he had set out, smiling, on his great journey. He had come bravely through with the last load.

BENEVOLENT NEUTRALITY

I KNOW a man who was ten months at the Front dodging coal-boxes and "Black Marias." He came home last month and broke his leg trying to dodge a perambulator at Hyde Park Corner. My case is somewhat similar. At Gallipoli I dodged dysentery, jaundice and kindred ills, but at last I met my fate. A few days ago I was vaguely conscious of a nagging pain under the two back buttons of my trousers and in my left knee and foot. I told the Adjutant and found him interested but not sympathetic.

"You've got sciatica," he said exultingly. "Do you feel tired in the small of your back? Have you pains in your hip and down your legs, and aches in your feet?"

I confessed to all these symptoms.

"Ah!" he said, "shocking thing that. Had an aunt who died of it once. Plays the deuce with a man of your age. You had better see the Doc. right away. He'll get a board fixed up for you."

He pushed the bell and the mess corporal appeared.

"Bring me a long whisky," he said.

"Me, too," I murmured.

The Adjutant looked aghast. "Whisky with sciatica!" he exclaimed.

"No, with soda," I said.

"All right," said he, "it's your funeral."

The next day the doctor came and gloated over me. "Does that hurt?" he asked, sticking a stubby thumb into the small of my back.

He looked resentfully at me as he picked himself up from the floor.

"I'm sorry," I told him, "but I was scarcely ready for that."

"You can be boarded to-morrow," he said as he left hurriedly.

I was boarded, and got a month's leave and some advice. I was told to go to one Friedenborg for massage, and I went.

Friedenborg proved to be a pleasant-faced Swede, but his looks belied him. The Grand Inquisitors of Spain were novices to him. He ushered me into a small room and in an unguarded moment I allowed myself to be divested of all clothing and laid face downwards on a velvet couch. I hate velvet at any time. The touch of velvet or peach-skins is enough to make my teeth go on edge all down my back.

The Swede stood over me with the expression of Jack Johnson just before he hit up the Bowery Pet at Bashville, Illinois.

"I think this is the place," he said as he made a savage jab at the back of my thigh.

"I can feel it," I said as I came down on the sofa

again. I made up my mind not to let him see my true feelings and composed myself to die as an English gentleman should, although it hurt my pride to meet my end at the hands of a neutral.

Presently he brought out a table with an instrument upon it like an overgrown dentist's drill. At the end of a cable were two hard rubber balls. These he put on the middle of my back and then turned over a switch.

"It is a vibrator," he hissed between his teeth. I had almost guessed it myself, but I did not argue.

Shutting my eyes I could easily imagine myself in a London bus, and if any one had called, "Fares, please," I'd have felt for my pocket, which wasn't there. Just when I was getting used to the thing he stopped. "Marble Arch?" I hazarded, but he was in no mood for humour. He got to work with his hands.

First of all he kneaded my hip-joint into a soft dough, which he pulled out into strings like an American shop-girl with her chewing-gum. Then he let them go again like loosened pieces of elastic. He burrowed in amongst my joints like a terrier at a rabbit-hole, all the time giving little grunts of satisfaction when I jumped. Soon I got wiser, and when he hurt most I lay still, and jumped when he got on to a comparatively painless spot. By this simple stratagem I contrived to keep him busy without disappointing him or depriving him of his exercise. I rather wished he had been a real inquisitor, for I would have become a Brahmin or

even a Buff Orpington to have him stop. Any old creed would have done me if he would only have left me alone.

Then a galling thought crossed my mind. I was paying him to do all this, and only the week before I had sworn off theatres because I considered them extravagant in war-time.

Presently he transferred his attentions to my spine. He played at being a devout monk, using my vertebræ as a rosary. He took each of them separately and ran them along my spinal cord like beads on a Chinese abacus, clicking them together.

In between the more strenuous efforts he discoursed on the war. "The Germans will soon begin to feel the pinch," he said suddenly as he grabbed a handful of flesh from my back.

"If it's a pinch like that I almost feel sorry for them," I thought.

"But is this blockade stopping their food?" he demanded, as he ran a row of horny knuckles up my back.

"Ah," I said, "there's the rub."

He discoursed on the Western offensive, and gave an imitation of trench-digging on my hip-joint. Then he talked about mining and ran out a whole series of deep saps from my ankle to my knee, counter-mining on the other leg until he ended with an explosive burst that would have destroyed a whole battalion. I bit hard into the wooden head-rail of the sofa for the rest of the séance, and at last he finished.

Before I knew what was happening he had booked another appointment for the next day.

Since then I have been again many times, and all my pains have fled. The little devils in charge of the sciatica department gave it best, and realized that the Swede was their master. My mental outlook has changed also, for at first I prayed nightly that England would declare war on Sweden. Now I am grateful, and fully recognize the meaning of a benevolent neutrality.

THE LANDING

THE following grim and characteristic story of the landing on the Gallipoli Peninsula—five days of hell, as he himself calls it—is told by a New Zealander who took part in the fighting. In a covering letter the writer says: “I have had my second turn with the ‘unspeakable Turk’ and as a result am in hospital with a wrecked spine and rather a badly tangled set of nerves, caused through concussion from a shell and a fall. The enclosed is perhaps crude, but I made rather an effort to write it, and Nurse says ‘never again’—for a while anyhow.”

The “enclosed” is probably the most vivid personal narrative of the Gallipoli fighting which has yet reached this country.—THE TIMES.

A MILITARY HOSPITAL, CAIRO,

MAY 5.

A glass flat sea covered with a shallow mist, and beyond, the tops of green hills peering through the vapour, dim shapes of warboats and transports, and a fleeting glimpse of a seaplane as it winged over the Turkish positions: this was the scene

that met our eyes on the morning of April 25 when we approached the peninsula of Gallipoli. Drowning the noise of the winches in our transport there rose and fell the thunderous arpeggio of the heavy guns, ceaseless in its monotonous roar, but, as we drew nearer, relieved by the staccato crack of the bursting Turkish shrapnel and the plunge of the heavier shell in the water amongst the transports.

As we approached the shore there came to our ears the continuous rattle of musketry, first scarcely perceptible, but at last growing to an ear-racking roll as of giant kettle-drums beaten without reason. Through glasses I could see one of our skirmishing lines advancing from the boats on the beach. It was as though one watched a cinematograph screen. The white boats on the beach and some brown figures sadly still on the grey sand, the green grass, and a tilled field across which advanced lines of our attacking force formed the foreground. Steep hills, clay faced and covered with dense scrub and dwarf ilex, over which the cottonwool puffs of shrapnel appeared and disappeared, made the background.

Business-like and brisk a destroyer glided alongside our transport towing strings of heavy barges.

"What's it like over there?" we asked.

"Pretty warm, boy," answered a smiling gunner, "but they're on the run."

Straight to the beach we ran, to the foot of the hill, but the destroyer necessarily could not take us right in to the sand, and we lay smiling sickly smiles

at each other as the bullets purred and whistled over and round us. The sharp-pointed bullet "meows" like a motherless kitten as it passes you, but it enters the water with a "phut" that suggests something more unpleasant.

At last the barges were taken as far in as possible and we jumped into water up to our armpits and half swam, half waded ashore. I had often wondered how one would feel going into a tight corner for the first time, and then I knew. It was as if some one had given me a smack below the chest with the flat of a heavy spade. Later came a sense of elation.

Formed up we marched along the beach past dressing-stations already hemmed in with stretchers and wounded men. An Australian and a sailor lay beneath an oil sheet, their feet in the little waves.

"Reinforcements at the double on the left," roared an officer through a megaphone, and then added as a shell burst overhead, "Keep in under the bank—shrapnel's unhealthy."

Then came a toilsome, tiresome scramble over the high bluffs to the firing line. On the top of the first ridge we came through a Turkish trench. In it were a dead Turk, bayoneted, a box of ammunition, and many flies. Stooping low we doubled to the brow, ever with the purring bullets overhead. Wounded on the way to the beach passed us cheerfully, saying, "It's hot as hell up there!" And it was. When we had crossed a gully and gained another ridge, half an hour's scrambling and sliding,

we were scarce 200 yards from the last, so steep is the ground.

Snipers were everywhere, and as we made one descent of about 100 feet, at an angle of about 10 degrees past 90, bullets spattered about on the stones and in the bushes round us. I struck a shingle slide and my downfall was expedited.

At the bottom I saw a wounded man bleeding badly over one shoulder. He grinned hideously with his shattered mouth. "Got it where the chicken got the axe," he wheezed, and fainted as the stretcher-bearers came up for him.

And so on, up to the firing line, where I got separated from my own unit and found ranges, that being my job, for an Australian regiment. Through the powerful telescope of the range-finder I could see the Turkish retirement and then an embryo bayonet charge by some of our men. Still the wounded came back in apparently endless procession. They were wonderful, cheerful, and full of information and profanity.

Then in our trench things began to happen. Personally I think a sniper spotted the range-finder, for two bullets lobbed into the trench parapet and then the man next to me stood straight up and fell back over my legs. "Mafeesh," he said quaintly, the Arabic for finished, and then more slowly, "Money-belt—missus and kids—dirty swine, dirty——"

Then a strange thing happened. Dying, shattered beyond recognition, he rose to his knees and dragged

his rifle to the parapet. With a weak finger he took shaky aim at the sky and fired his last shot, to collapse finally in the bottom of the trench.

Obviously the Turks had our range, for things began to get too hot for comfort. Those who were left of us changed position about a hundred yards along the trench, one of the Australians first resting a dead man's hat on a bush on the trench parapet. "Got our range," he said laconically, "better let 'em have a little target practice." They did, for the hat only stayed there five minutes.

Then we spotted our sniper. Have you ever gone stalking in open country with only dry water-courses or stone slides as cover and a Royal smelling danger on the slope opposite? It was rather like that.

Two of our men crept from the trench and crawled out of sight through the bushes. All unconscious the Turk continued his rifle practice until a double report rang out and our two men appeared on our left waving the sniper's hat—their equivalent of a scalp. After that we had comparative peace.

Away to the right a machine gun, like a motorcycle, purred incessantly, and then one started nearer and to our front. A seaplane from the *Ark Royal*, anchored in the bay behind, soared overhead, and twice white puffs of shrapnel appeared below her, where the Turks lobbed two shells. It is rather like shooting at a rocketing pheasant, this

aeroplane-potting, and has about the same result. Then she turned and went back to report.

Something was due to arrive and it did, suddenly, in the shape of a naval shell. First came the ear-and-nerve-shattering roar of the gun, then the shriek of the shell overhead, and away in front a cloud of smoke and earth rose slowly and drifted away, showing a gap in the skyline and a few Turks, who obviously recollected that it was about time to start for the last train to Gallipoli. Away they went out of sight, and then the naval guns started in earnest.

From the bay below came one continuous thunder, and the screech of the heavy projectiles was incessant. No sooner had one burst than another was on its way.

Presently the 15-inchers started and we tore up some "pull-through" rag to put in our ears. Commands, unless shouted, were unintelligible now, and one felt ridiculous yelling against such thunderous voices. Below in the bay a warship was firing salvoes from her 6-inch battery. Puffs of brown smoke would jet from the bulwarks, and then, a long while afterwards, the roll of reports would shake the hills.

Then the enemy's guns joined in the argument. Shrapnel began to burst above us, and the whistle of the flying bullets was everywhere. The brass nose of a howitzer shell struck from nowhere upon a mound in front and rolled into the trench. I burned my fingers picking it up. For three hours

this violent cannonading lasted and then it gave place to a more desultory, but still severe, bombardment.

We had gained our footing, at heavy cost it is true, but at least a mile square of the Gallipoli Peninsula was ours, and Von der Goltz Pasha was proved a liar. Back on the beach stores were beginning to come in. Horses, donkeys, and mules were landed and ammunition reserves grew as one watched. Men were carrying water to the firing line, ammunition and oil for the machine guns. On every path the stretcher-bearers toiled with their sad loads, and wounded waited patiently in little knots by the dressing-stations, laughing, chatting, and cheering each other. Sweating under the hot sun the doctors worked like machines, probing, washing, bandaging. Often the hurts were beyond aid, and a handkerchief covered the face of one man I had known as a cheery optimist on board the transport. The Brigadier-General in khaki shirt and neat riding breeches was sending off innumerable messages—cool, ubiquitous, and business-like, he inspired others to emulate him.

Wonder of wonders! We had been ashore only six hours when three wireless stations sprang up mushroom-like on the beach, and their buzzing sparks told the warships just how and where to send their screaming missiles. Troops continued to land, and as soon as they were landed were rushed to the firing line, usually to the left, for the right was well held and safe for the time.

At nightfall the bombardment ceased, but Turkish shrapnel burst over the beach and the wounded in the boats were submitted to a hot shell fire. The rifle fire continued, nerve-racking and noisy. Sleep was out of the question, and trench digging, to consolidate the position we had won, commenced almost immediately.

On our left along the beach about half a mile, a boat, sunk in the surf, rocked uneasily. With the aid of a glass I could see its freight. Sitting upright were at least eight dead men, and on the beach another twenty. A sailor, distinguishable by his white cap cover, lay in an attitude strangely lifelike, his chin resting on his hand, his face turned to our position. The next afternoon I casually turned my glasses on the pathetic group, and saw that the sailor was now lying on his back with his face to the sky. There was no mistake: he had been alive, and perhaps even now, after lying there nearly thirty-six hours, he was still alive. I was destined to get yet another thrill. In the centre of the heap on the beach there was some movement.

And then I saw distinctly a khaki cap waving weakly, and presently a man detached himself from the group and hobbled slowly towards us along the beach. Immediately the snipers started afresh.

Four other men and myself made off along the beach to meet the sad figure, which by this time had collapsed. Ten yards out from our trench we drew fire, and the bullets whispered confidently "Duck," and as they entered the water or hit

the stones by our feet, "Run like the devil!" I personally cut out the first hundred yards in well under eleven seconds, and although my style might have been ragged, it was good enough and got me to a small sandy knoll where I was able to talk to the man. There were four others still alive out there, he said, and "last night there were eight, but it was cold, and they'd had no water or food, and couldn't last it out." That was all.

We got him in slowly, and afterwards the others, but not until one of the warships had dealt with the snipers. Later we buried all the others. One of the men we brought in had been out there half in the water and half out, shot through both knees, but he was cheery and bright, and asked first about his brother in another company, and then explained where the Turks were sniping from.

At night the rifle fire waved backwards and forwards in fluctuating bursts, and we expected an attack at dawn. It came, but not against our position. More in the centre the enemy made a desperate effort. They approached our trenches—came through the lines, and were certainly brave and venturesome. Once an unmistakably foreign bugle blew the "Cease fire," but an order was passed down our line to take no notice, it was a ruse. At one time, as darkness came down a voice in English called out "Retire! Retire!" but as there was no immediate reason why we should retire, we waited, and again Brigade Headquarters informed us it was not a British command.

It will be hard to forget those first days, and even now I wake at night with the patter of musketry in my ears, only to find some cart is rumbling past the hospital on uneasy wheels.

ABDUL: AN APPRECIATION

I HEARD the shriek of an approaching shell, something hit the ground beneath my feet, and I went sailing through the ether, to land softly on an iron hospital cot in a small white-walled room. There was no doubt that it was a most extraordinary happening. On the wall beside me was a temperature chart, on a table by my bed was a goolah of water, and in the air was that subtle Cairene smell. Yes, I was undoubtedly back in Cairo. Obviously I must have arrived by that shell.

Then, as I was thinking it all out, appeared to me a vision in a long white galabieh. It smiled, or rather its mouth opened, and disclosed a row of teeth like hailstones on black garden mould.

"Me Abdul," it said coyly; "gotter givit you one wash."

I was washed in sections, and Abdul did it thoroughly. There came a halt after some more than usually strenuous scrubbing at my knees. Mutterings of "mushquais" (no good) and a wrinkled brow showed me that Abdul was puzzled. Then it dawned on me. I had been wearing shorts at

Anzac, and Abdul was trying to wash the sunburn off my knees! By dint of bad French, worse Arabic, and much sign language I explained. Abdul went to the door and jodelled down the corridor, "Mohaaaaamed! Achmed!" Two other slaves of the wash-bowl appeared, and to them Abdul disclosed my mahogany knees with much the same air as the gentleman who tells one the fine points of the living skeleton on Hampstead Heath. They gazed in wonder. At last Achmed put his hand on my knee. "This called?" he asked. "Knee," I told him.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, "this neece—Arabic; this" (pointing to an unsunburnt part of my leg)—"Eengleesh."

Then the washing proceeded uninterruptedly. "You feelin' very quais (good)?" Abdul asked. I told him I was pretty quais, but that I had been quaiser. "Ginral comin' safternoon and Missus," he informed me, and I gathered that no less a person than the Commander-in-Chief (one of them) was to visit the hospital. And so it happened, for about five o'clock there was a clinking of spurs in the passage, and the matron ushered in an affable brass hat and a very charming lady. In the background hovered several staff officers. Suddenly their ranks were burst asunder and Abdul appeared breathless.

He had nearly missed the show. He stood over me with an air of ownership and suddenly whipped off my bed-clothes, displaying my nether limbs.

He saw he had made an impression. "Neece is Arabic," he said proudly. It was Abdul's best turn, and he brought the house down. The visitors departed, but for ten minutes I heard loud laughter from down the corridor. Abdul had departed in their wake, doubtless to tell Achmed and Mohammed of the success of his coup.

I had been smoking cigarettes, but found the habit extravagant, as Abdul appreciated them even more than I did. One morning I woke up to see him making a cache in his round cotton cap. I kept quiet until he came nearer, and then I grabbed his hat. It was as I thought, and about ten cigarettes rolled on the floor. I looked sternly at Abdul. He was due to wither up and confess. Instead he broke first into a seraphic grin and then roared with laughter. "Oh, very funny, very, very funny," he said between his paroxysms. Now what could I say after that? I was beaten and I had to admit it, but I decided that I would smoke a pipe. To this end I gave Abdul ten piastres and sent him out to buy me some tobacco. He arrived back in about an hour with two tins worth each eight piastres. "Me quais?" he asked expectantly. "Well, you are pretty hot stuff," I admitted, "but how did you do it?"

Abdul held up one tin.

"Me buy this one," he said solemnly; "this one" (holding up the other one) "got it!"

"What do you mean, 'got it'?"

"Jus' got it," was all the answer I could get.

Then to crown the performance he produced two piastres change. Could the genii of the *Arabian Nights* have done better?

I was in that hospital for three weeks, and I verily believe that if it had not been for Abdul I should have been in three weeks more. He had his own way of doing things and people, but he modelled himself unconsciously on some personality half-way between Florence Nightingale and Fagin's most promising pupil. The day I was to go he cleaned my tunic buttons and helmet badge with my toothbrush and paste and brought them proudly to me for thanks. And I thanked him.

The last I saw of Abdul was as I drove away in the ambulance. A pathetic figure in a white robe stood out on the balcony and mopped his eyes with his cotton cap, and as he took it off his head there fell to the ground half a dozen crushed cigarettes. It was a typical finale.

TWO LETTERS

WELLINGTON, N.Z.,
TROOPSHIP No. 10.

DEAR JIMMY,—

We go out into the stream to-morrow morning early, so I am writing you now, and will post it before we leave the wharf. Pater came on board with mater to say good-bye last night, and I took them over our quarters. Mater was vastly impressed with the fact that we have the first-class accommodation of the vessel. We have our mess in the huge saloon, but all the marble panelling is covered over with rough deal boards and all the regular tables have been taken out, and we now sit at boards that are as rough as our manners. You know we have a mixed company, and bank clerks and big run holders sit cheek by jowl with shearers and roadmen. All of them are jolly good fellows though, and all as keen as mustard to get away. Yesterday I saw Henderson, you know the chap who bought Wainamu station and about thirteen hundred cattle, handing round the stew at the two centre tables, and one of the men he was waiting on was a chap who used to be his

polo groom ! War is a great leveller, and here one sees instances that seem almost laughable. They are saved being that by the fact that not one man amongst the whole force is in the least self-conscious.

I told you we privates and corporals have the saloon to dine in. Well, there's a rather good joke on the sergeants. Their dining-room is the children's saloon, and the fact is blazoned over the door in letters of brass ! Spud comes on to-morrow and takes the vacant bunk in the four-berth cabin we occupy. When we are all in bed there's lots of room, but we all have to get undressed in the alley way, and our clothes are wreathed about the room like khaki draperies.

The pater is a funny old bird, isn't he ? When he had talked a bit to me about keeping my nut down when it wasn't wanted up, he said he had a lot of writing to do for to-morrow's English mail. Then he shook hands rather hurriedly and went down the gangway and along the wharf without even once looking back. His figure faded into a mist as he got near the end, and I had to take a pull on myself and talk hard to mater, who had not gone ashore.

She only had about another ten minutes on board, and we talked of everything but war or going away. Dear old mater ! She went through my kit seriatim, and gave me advice as to my wardrobe as if I was travelling like a prince. As a matter of fact my wardrobe now consists of about two shirts and four pair of socks. Neither of us felt too cheery,

but mater is the bravest little woman in the world, and she kissed me and went down on to the wharf with the cheeriest of smiles on her face. She waited for a while at the barrier and waved. Kelly the big wharf policeman was by me on the deck and took things in at a glance. "Oi've an ould mother mesilf," he said, "although she is a few thousand miles away from here. Oi'll just be after seein' her safely through the crowd now." And he ambled off down to the barrier and was as good as his word. Kelly made a lane through the crowd, and the last I saw of them both was when they waved from the corner of the woolstore. Bless Kelly for the very human bobby that he is! He'd be pouring out his inimitable stories until he drew a smile, then he'd get a laugh, and by the time he'd finished I bet you he sent mater home more or less happy. And now I'm off to bed. Second thoughts, I'll keep this letter and not post it to-morrow, for you'll see all you want in the long letter I am posting to pater, which I will ask them to send on to you. I will keep this and add to it and post it from the first port.

NEXT DAY.

Just a few lines to-day. Last night I lay up on the boat deck and soaked in the glorious night. Somewhere, on a transport lying away over towards Evans Bay, a bugle sounded "First Post," and one by one all the ships echoed the call. On our fore-castle a man with a violin was playing Raff's Cava-tina, and playing it like a master. Now and again

the whinny of a horse would break into the melody like some strange obligato. I listened to these sounds until "Last Post" rang out from our deck first, and then blended in one sad call as the other ships joined in as before. One by one the rows of lighted ports disappeared, and I went down to bunk feeling something like I did years ago when I sat in Big School waiting to go in to my last Commemoration Day service.

NEXT DAY.

My head's in a whirl after this most wonderful morning. We paraded early, and rumour for once was right. There was something afoot. One had only to look at the warships to see that, for they had stowed their cutters and pinnaces and were in sea-going trim. At about half-past eight the first of our escort, the flagship, steamed slowly out of the harbour, and one by one our big grey transports followed, until we brought up the end of the line. It was a wonderful sight, and the few people who had the luck to be about saw something that they will remember all their lives. We went slowly towards Pencarrow Light, and past the beaches where we used to sun-bathe in less stirring times. A splash of white away up on the hill amongst the manuka scrub marked the house where we spent our week-ends this time last year. On the other side of the harbour faint cheers came from shorewards, and a flag dipped to us as we passed the Forts. On through the rocky headlands and out

away westwards, past the long white beaches, and then the iron-bound coast of Terawhiti. The strait was calm as glass, and as the long line of sixteen vessels swung out, the smoke from their funnels towered in black columns above them. The six transports on the starboard side slowed down (we could hear the bells of their engine-room telegraphs) until the last six of the line came up abreast of them. Then in double file, with the black signal cones showing that they were making "required speed," they forged slowly ahead.

Away to starboard, a big grey cruiser belched black smoke (she burns oil), and the flag at her stern was the Rising Sun of Japan.

EVENING.

Terawhiti Head has long ago faded into the soft blue mist, and we have left Farewell Spit abeam. Never did so many New Zealanders say farewell to it before. Ahead of us the sky is a blaze of crimson and the soft smooth sea has absorbed the colour until the horizon line almost fades away to nothing. At first, an hour back, it was a faint pink, but as one watched, the few clouds edged with rose took on a brighter hue until they reached a colour climax of vivid crimson. Even now it is dying. Along the deck the men are cleaning up the horse-stalls, but every now and then an energetic sweeper pauses and leans on his broom, looking his last at the faint line of Farewell Spit. Perhaps, who knows, we may live that moment over again when we start off on our last trek.

I was watching a man leaning on the rail just now and he smiled slowly, then laughed to himself. Seeing me, he explained: "I was just thinking of the last time I came across here. It was in this same old tub, and when we got about here I was cussing a deck steward who said he couldn't find me a chair. That was my bunk (pointing to a deck cabin used as the Colonel's office), and I thought it wasn't as good as it might be. And here I am mucking out stables and swabbing decks, where six months ago I was standing telling another passenger that the Company's food seemed to be getting worse and worse. Then we only had a choice of about twenty-five dishes and now a man is safe to make a hundred pound bet that it's stew for tea. Well, it's all in the game! Get over there, you swine!" and he bent to his work again scrubbing the planking beneath the feet of a large chestnut that seemed to resent his attentions.

There's "Cook House Door" going, and as I have tea in the second relay I'd better be off. I will write up mater's letter to-night, but I might add to this if I've anything for your private ear. I'll post it at the first port, wherever that is to be.

So long just now.

Yours,
NÖEL.

ZEITOUN CAMP, CAIRO.

DEAR JIMMY,—

It seems to me that I have forgotten you for a long time past, but you will have seen all the letters

to pater and mater. Still, our letters are in the nature of personal confabs, and as I never give you news in the common sense of the word, I am going to write of things haphazard. We have come the old, old route of the ocean caravans, and are here in a city where the centuries jostle one another.

Past the door of my hut but five minutes gone Joseph led Mary on an ass, and a racing taxi dusted the father's blue robe as the lowly group drew aside.

Over the railway line at Matarieh is the Virgin's tree, where Mary rested with her babe in their flight. Tourists and others visit the spot and afterwards produce the inevitable camera record, saying to their friends, "Of course, it is only a legend." But it is not. I know better now, for as I watched a mother came to the sakhia wheel and cupped her hands to the water running from the pottery jars. She drank the cool draught, and sitting on the stone well-coping gave her child to drink also, crooning softly until her song murmured like the plashing water from the well-wheel. And the patient ox with his wicker head-stall, for all he could not see, knew as well as I that Mary did rest here.

Camp is camp all the world over, but a Cairo camp is surely like no other on earth. We are on the boundary of Heliopolis, the ancient city of On, and at the end of the camp road one crosses a patch of desert where the people of old time buried their dead. The graves are narrow shafts, and two days ago Spud and I explored a number of them.

At the bottom, short stone-lined galleries radiate to the tombs, all of which have now been despoiled. Still, one comes across an occasional scarab, or a deposit of beads of some ancient dynasty. Isn't it weird to think where some of these may find their way? Back in New Zealand or Australia, the ornaments of an Egyptian princess may become sacred souvenirs of a life given for the Empire.

Since I have been here I have got the deuce of a respect for our camp cooks. It is easy enough to get sand in the food, but it must take brains to turn out a stew that resembles nothing so much as slabs from an asphalt tennis-court soaked in gravy. If the Israelites had half as bad a time as we are having with the sand then we cannot wonder at their clearing out. The thing that surprises me is that when they got to the Red Sea they wanted to walk across on dry land at all. I should have thought that they would have said, "Thanks, but we would be glad of the chance to swim."

We eke out our meals with a vegetarian diet. It sometimes takes so long to bargain for and buy a cucumber and half a dozen tomatoes that we have to take our lunch on parade in our haversacks. A plate of tomatoes and cucumber garnished with onion makes a very acceptable meal when the thermometer stands at over the century.

Spud and I went to the citadel last night, and sat on the battlements where Napoleon mounted his guns. It was just getting dusk, and all the sordidness of the city was veiled with a soft violet haze through



WHERE NAPOLEON MOUNTED HIS GUNS.

which the minarets of the mosques showed hesitatingly. Over west past the river, the sun set behind the Pyramids. It is only thus that one gets any idea of their size. The muezzin came out on to the minaret of a near-by mosque, and with his hands held trumpet-wise called the faithful to prayer. The wonderful notes rose and fell, infinitely sad, with rippling syllables and alliteration.

Then from the battlements below us, now shrouded in darkness, came words of command. With startling suddenness the garrison bugles rang out "retreat," all their harshness mellowed by the soft warm air. To our left through the gloom stood a sentry, and as we watched we seemed to see the cocked hat, the long white spatterdashes, and the clumsy musket of an age gone by. He came nearer and I heard him sigh for his home in France, and then I caught the murmur, "Pour la Patrie."

But it was just a Tommy, commonplace and unromantic, but even in him the spirit of the old days still lives. And so I think it does with us. There are rumours about that we have a move in prospect, and we may soon get out of this stagnant backwater into the full-flowing stream that may lead us God knows where.

Yours as ever was,

NÖEL.

IN THE TRACK OF THE TROOPS

APRIL, 1915.

A VOYAGE westward and northward across the oceans from the Antipodes in these times impresses the traveller not only with the vast resources of the Empire, but also with the splendid spirit that animates our race in a crisis calling for almost superhuman energies of mind and body. Every one now knows what the Colonies have voluntarily done, and are still prepared to do. That is one of the many issues upon which German diplomats blundered hopelessly. On the great liner carrying His Majesty's mails to the heart of the Empire we soon find that almost every man—and woman—is travelling to or because of the war. Each is going in the track of the troops that have gone before. Albany, where months ago the great Australasian armada assembled for its historic voyage, is the first milestone along the route. There are others that mark historic stages in the great trek—the rusting ribs of the *Emden* upon the Keeling rocks; the huge camps in the desert in Egypt; the fight on the Canal; and now the operations in the Dardanelles. History is being “written in lightning flashes.”

And there will be other milestones yet, farther afield.

At Fremantle, a splendid New Zealand ship, crowded with Australian soldiers, their band playing, steams into the golden wake of the setting sun. It is an inspiring scene. The enthusiasm spreads to the passengers on the liner, and the flying corps in the well deck for'ard join in the lusty cheering, and then burst into a song with the refrain—

We will never forget Australia
And the friends we leave behind.

The crude poetry of the song will not find a place in any anthology, but the sentiment appeals to the dwellers in the great sun-baked Continent, which already, almost, has become a nation.

The Aviation Corps, which consists of a young captain, a young lieutenant, and some thirty-eight non-coms. and men, is keen as possible. Drill, study, and physical exercises occupy nearly all their time. They are a fine type of young men who compose this corps. One of the "Tommies" owns two large sheep stations, and is rich beyond the dreams of avarice. He could buy up the ship, cargo and all; but he wanted to do his share in the war, and, knowing nothing of drill, decided to join as a private. "And," says the stout farrier sergeant-major, who wears the ribbon of the Boer War, "he is as happy as Larry." The corps does not know where it is going; but it imagines it will soon be operating in the Persian Gulf.

There are quite a number of young men on board,

all bound for one or other of the campaigns in which Britain is now engaged. Two go Home to join King Edward's Horse. Two others hope for commissions in the Engineers. Then there are several young doctors, fresh from their final examinations—among them the fast bowler of an Australian eleven. They are, without exception, fine types of the young Australian, and will give of their best in the cause of the Empire. There are also English officers on furlough, now keen to get to the war. The tall, clever cavalryman at the captain's table has already been there. A horse fell with him, and he was sent on a special mission, with two other officers, to buy horses in Australia—twenty thousand of them. It is a game at which in the past big commissions have been made, but of late years the methods of the War Office have been revolutionized, and so it happens that the only tribute in connexion with this £400,000 deal is a box of somewhat inferior cigars pushed on board a departing steamer by a man in Adelaide, and, in addition, a glowing letter of praise from an officer high up in the Army Remount Department.

An ex-P. and O. officer, R.N.R., who already has had eight cousins killed in the war, has left his sheep station in Australia to do duty in the North Sea. His wife and two babies are with him. A captain, who saw service with the New Zealanders in the Boer War, and who has since roughed it in the "Mallee," is returning to join his old regiment, the Buffs—or what is left of it.

Ten days out from Fremantle the flashing of the Galle light, and, later, a flaming sunrise above the cone of Adams's Peak, point to other scenes—to Ceylon, which, out of her four thousand planters, has sent three thousand to the war. At Colombo, except for the scarcity of freightships and the dearth of tourists, it is a case of "business as usual," for there is now no *Emden* afloat and no Ceylon Germans wirelessly to her about the movements of British ships. The Galle Face at dinner is still an interesting sight, and here meet and mingle men from New Zealand and Australia, from Penang and Singapore, from Hong-Kong and Yokohama, even from Petrograd and Peking. A chance meeting with an old friend leads to a dinner at the G.O.H. in interesting company. A clever Russian official and a young Russian from Siberia are able to tell us much about the Eastern campaign and to give comprehensive details of the great driving force in the Tsar's dominions. Russia can train twelve million men for this war. The figures are staggering. "But has she enough munitions for her present forces?" We are assured that she is getting them. England has helped, so has Japan, and even America.

Colombo is the jumping-off place for our outposts of Empire in the Far East—those possessions and dependencies in which the young men who are the pioneers of tropic trade stew and swelter in the hot, moist ports, or toil in the fever-stricken jungles with tin and rubber. There are men boarding our

ship from all these parts bound for the war. Many have already gone on. The Straits Settlements, especially, have done splendidly, both in regard to men and money. These people tell strange tales of happenings in the Far East—the Singapore riot, a jumpy time at Hong-Kong, and other events. The German who engineered the riot at Singapore was head of a big firm there. He escaped to Java, and from there had the impudence to telegraph back to the Governor thanking him for his hospitality!

In Colombo, also, one hears strange tales of German spies. One of the German firms was the wealthiest in Colombo. The German Club was the best there. The former is now being conducted by the Government. The latter is closed, and, as we drive through the residential quarter, we note the shuttered houses of these wealthy Germans standing untenanted and forlorn amidst the gorgeous flowering trees and shrubs of their spacious grounds. Their former inhabitants are in an inland camp under strict guard. The late manager of the Galle Face and the wealthy merchant are among them. Hagenback—brother of the celebrated animal man—was caught red-handed sending messages. Owing to some laxity he is supposed to have escaped to Java. Rumour states that a British cruiser went after him. What happened is known to few people. A police official hints that he did not reach Java. Some say he was shot. After the war we may know.

From all one hears of the happenings in the Far

East one comes to the inevitable conclusion that the authorities throughout the British Dominions cannot be too strict in their treatment of the German alien within their gates. In some instances there was undue tolerance, and precautions were taken only when it was too late. It all points to the necessity for the appointment of strong and capable men to important positions of great trust in the outposts of Empire. Such positions should not be simply rewards for political services rendered or money given to a cause.

It is interesting to listen to the opinions of men and women who have seen the troops on their way to the seat of war. But this is scarcely a time for comparisons and criticisms. On the contrary, so tremendous is the task before us that it behoves every one to do all that is possible by word and act in stimulating a friendly feeling and a healthy patriotism. One could not, however, repress a thrill of pride in listening to the opinions of the people of Colombo upon the conduct and bearing of the New Zealand troops who landed there. The New Zealanders wherever they have been have maintained untarnished the fair name of their fine country. All that one has heard in the track of our troops is a tribute to the care with which they were selected, to the officers who trained them, and to the stock from which they have sprung. The moral of it all is to weed out the waster, to discard the unfit. As time goes on and more drafts are required this may be the more difficult of accomplish-

ment, but it will be none the less necessary.

Among the men who joined us at Colombo from the Far East was a young Belgian Consul. Several of his relatives and many of his friends have fallen in the war. He is going to the trenches. His mother, who is in Brussels, wrote that, though he was an only son, he must come home and fight. Willingly he has left his post in the East, and is hurrying to the Western battlefields.

As our voyage proceeds it becomes more and more interesting, though somewhat more risky. In the Arabian Sea the south-west monsoon drives us north of the long barren island of Socotra, and we reach Aden late. Still later in the night the *Salsette* glides in, bringing her load of Anglo-Indians, with piles of luggage, in which one notes the guns of the hunter, the rods of the masheer man, and the clubs of the less adventurous golfer. The stout little old man with the eyeglass is a general from the Persian Gulf. Next him, diving into the pile of luggage for his bundle, is a sergeant of the Royal Horse Artillery. He is here with some twenty or thirty of his men from India going to train more artillery in England. He is not troubling much about the war. War is his job, and he will take it as and when it comes with the calm philosophy of his type. Meantime, it is the necessity of the moment that he is thinking about, and he delivers with much metaphor and appropriate adjectives a homily to all and sundry upon the blighter who has "pinched" his straps. A grey cruiser from the Persian Gulf has poked

her nose in under the shelter of the old rock, and as the shore searchlights pierce the darkness this ship, and other craft of varied kind, are revealed with startling suddenness. On shore the garrison is strengthened, and big Sikh sentries bar your progress on the upland paths.

Perim, with its lighthouse and its cable station, stares at us as we enter the Red Sea. Here are more soldiers. They were needed. All that night the lights along the Red Sea, formerly in the hands of the Turks, now tended by British hands, flash brightly. Here we meet and pass the converging traffic of East and West—a tank steamer with engines far aft, carrying oil from Java ; a hospital ship going to the Persian Gulf ; a Dutch steamer with her colours and name in huge letters so that the German submarines may not sink her ; and many others, all travelling in comparative safety under the protecting wing of the British Navy.

The Canal is a sight in itself, Port Said is more interesting than ever, and Alexandria provides scenes never to be forgotten. We have come these thousands of miles in the track of the troops unescorted and without a mishap, with never a German flag in sight—a tribute surely to the nation that still rules the waves. And throughout this long trek across the oceans, at every port men are joining us eager to take their places in the fighting lines. From the fertile fields of New Zealand, from the sun-bathed plains of Australia, from China, from India, from Ceylon, from the Malay Archipelago,

and even from Somaliland, the young men are answering the call, with the blood of their fathers still strong in their veins. They are travelling westward in the track of the troops who have gone before.

THE GROUND WE WON

GALLIPOLI,
AUGUST 16, 1915.

IT is after the fight. The battle has spent itself as a breaker on a rock-bound shore. The backwash is gathering itself slowly together to form another wave. It is a good opportunity to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of our dead: to see the ground so dearly won. There is still desultory firing from the guns on the cruisers and destroyers in the Gulf of Saros, the waters of which lave our curving sandy beach opposite Imbros and that other rugged isle where St. Paul sailed. The crack of an enemy maxim resounds from the hillside, and the stream of bullets hits up the sand on the beach. At intervals—intervals long enough to suggest a scarcity of high explosives—a shell from a big Turkish gun bursts in the sand or the sea. Sometimes, too tired to fight, it doesn't even burst. A sniper, who is more than a good shot, amuses himself potting from long range at some Indians digging a grave.

We turn our backs on all this and enter a trench

on our left. The sap bends round on to a little flat and leads into the mouth of a narrow valley, up which winds a path flanked by scrub-covered low ridges. At first the grade is easy. On the left the sad grey of olive trees contrasts with the green of the ilex—the prickly dwarf oak that covers this rugged country. How our men fought through here in the darkness is a marvel. The prickly scrub tore their hands and bare knees till there was not an inch of skin unscarified. For three terrible days they continued fighting, and then sores that had become septic gave the doctors much work. Wandering a little way into the scrub at the risk of being sniped you note the evidences of the advance—bits of torn garments, a puttee that had become loosened and torn from the leg, a helmet lost in the darkness, a sock telling the tale of a wounded foot, other garments blood-stained, clips of cartridges, a broken rifle, and first field dressings torn from arm or leg by the unyielding branches of the sturdy prickly ilex. In some of the most beautiful spots the stench of an unburied body fouls the hot air. On the left is an old Turkish well, the coping blown off by some shell. It is deep and narrow, and lined with stone. Most likely there is a body at the bottom of it.

On the left, also, is a barbed-wire entanglement, with which the enemy hoped to block the progress up the valley. The troops went at it under fire in the darkness. With clippers they cut the wire, and, this being too slow a process, by main strength

they tore up the stakes. Not a man was killed ! The bullets went flying over their heads with one continuous screech.

“ I tink we all get killed at that wire,” said one Maori. “ The bullets come ping ! ping ! ping ! over our heads all the time ; but the Turk he fire too high. Py gorry ! I tink we have the lucky escape that time ! ”

Later in the night the Maoris had still more serious work to do. In silence, with empty magazines and fixed bayonets they attacked the Turk in trench and dug-out, helping to clear the scrub-covered foothills for the main attack on Chunuk Bair. They were supposed to do all this in silence, but, after the first brush, the blood was up, and, for the first time in history, the hills and dales of Gallipoli resounded to the ancient war-song of the Maori tribesmen—

Ka mate, ka mate !

Ka ora, ka ora !

Ka mate, ka mate !

Ka ora, ka ora !

Tene te tangata puhuruhuru,

Nana te tangata puhuruhuru,

Nana i tiki mai whakawhiti te ra,

Upane, kaupene, upane kaupane ;

*Whiti te ra ! **

followed by British cheering. No one could see what was taking place, but we on the hills below, listening, and watching the flashes of the Turkish guns, could picture the scene. A few minutes of deathly silence, then a burst of cheering and the “ Ka mate,

ka mate!" again. Then silence once more and renewed cheering and the war-song, as the warriors dashed forward bayoneting right and left, or clubbing as with the "taiaha" of the olden time. In this way trench after trench was cleared. Above the rattle of the Turkish musketry and cries of "Allah! Allah!" the shouts of victory in the darkness made a thrilling prelude to the main battle that was to begin at dawn. But these brave warriors did not escape scatheless themselves, for many a Maori of noble lineage lay dead that night amidst the ilex shrubbery on the slopes above the Gulf of Saros.

Shot through the body, one young brave fell on a path at the bottom of the ravine. He blocked the way for the stretcher-bearers and the ammunition and water-carriers. So they rolled the body some few yards up the hillside. "Poor old Hori," they said, "he's finished," and they left him and pressed on. But Hori took it into his head to come to life again, and, after the first few dazed minutes, he got up and walked down to the dressing-station!

At one spot on our upward journey the track is overlooked by the Turkish trenches. We can see them quite clearly on the slopes of Chunuk Bair, and there are snipers who have come down into the scrub to take pot-shots at men passing up and down the valley. It becomes necessary to run. Sand-bags are piled high at intervals, and we dash from one barricade to another in fifty and hundred-yard sprints. Cowering under the first wall of sand-

bags, very much out of breath, we look at each other and laugh. My sprinting days are almost over, and in such a grilling heat one would almost prefer the risk of being shot. My companion—a famous English war correspondent—having regained his wind, remarks, “I’m not very fond of bullets, but I do hate running.” Then we make another dash up to the next lot of sandbags, and fling ourselves at their base. It is really too ridiculous, and we look at each other and laugh louder than before. Here there are half a dozen “Tommies” who are in the middle of the same performance. One points to a stone almost touching my foot. “He got one on to that stone just now,” he said in a Lancashire dialect. I drew in my leg quickly—I am brave only when I am fairly safe, or when enthusiasm or necessity unlatches the door of discretion! “Three sergeants were talking to one another at that bend this morning, and every one was hit,” said another man. He seemed to regard this as a joke. If *one* only had been hit that would have been an ordinary occurrence, and not worth mention. But a bag of three!—that was too funny for words. While we had been doing the last sprint it had occurred to each of us that we would walk the next stage, but we now resolved to run harder than ever! After four or five successive sprints of this kind we were glad to moisten our parched throats with some precious water at a field dressing-station of the 13th Division that we ran into round a bend of the track higher up.

The steep spurs and precipitous sides of "Table Top" were now on our right, and one marvelled how our men had got up there in the darkness. The Turks had bolted from Table Top! Half a dozen could have held the position against our men—coming up in single file. But we had another bit of luck here. No sooner had our men gained the position than 150 Turks, driven out of one of their forward positions by the New Zealanders, attempted to scale the heights. Other New Zealanders were on them in an instant, and recognizing their position was wellnigh hopeless, they all laid down their arms and surrendered. Our men took 158 Turkish prisoners here.

The track winds and twists and gets steeper. A mule-train laden with ammunition and stores passes, and the protruding boxes in the narrow way threaten us with broken ribs. The steep hills have now closed in on us and we are safe from snipers. Far below, the gloriously blue and placid waters of the Gulf of Saros come into view. Up, up, up we climb. Our men had no track here—naught but steep hillside, dense prickly scrub, and Turkish bullets. We wonder more than ever how they stormed the position. The English correspondent who has seen much war becomes enthusiastic. We have a few words with the Brigadier-General, whose attacking column is now resting. This Brigade-Major is sitting with bandaged knees in the same dug-out.

The view becomes more extensive and more

beautiful as we climb. Presently we are in the trenches—the highest trenches we now hold on Rhododendron Ridge—the highest on all the Peninsula. The ridge itself is strewn with bodies, swollen and festering in the hot sun. No man dare go out to bury them. Some are in strange attitudes, but mostly they have fallen forward on their faces, suggesting “the stout heart to the stae brae.” Quite close are a New Zealander and a Ghurka; farther along the ridge a Turk; and, yonder, three men fallen together. Near one trench is part of a body that high explosive has dismembered. Some of these are among the “missing.” They may never be identified; they will occupy a common nameless grave on Rhododendron Spur, far from their homes in Mother England, in sunny Australia, in distant New Zealand, and among the hills of India. In the cleft of the summit hill away on the left is a heavy toll of Turkish dead.

The men now occupying the position are living in little dug-outs just below us. They take turns in the trenches. The Turks in front have sapped forward and have made a short trench facing us about fifty yards away. One shows his head above the top, and in an instant the machine gun at our elbow is spitting at him, each crack making a puissant throbbing in our ears, while the stream of bullets hits up the opposing parapet in dust. The cracking and the throbbing cease, and when the dust has cleared there is no more sign of the Turk's head. Whether there is a bullet through it or not we can-

not say, but if not it has been a very close call for that particular Turk.

An officer comes along and tells us we must be out of the trenches by five o'clock. The guns are going to bombard, he adds, and there may be a few "shorts." We have no desire to be involved in shells bursting short, so make the best use of the four minutes left us and depart. As we round a corner in the trench a Turk throws a bomb, and a "Tommy," endeavouring to throw it back, has his right hand blown clean off. A ligature and bandage are quickly applied, and later in the evening he passes on a stretcher carried down the winding path on his way to England. He has seen the last of the great war. Looking back to the still figures on the spur of Rhododendron Ridge one cannot help thinking that he is a lucky man.

We wait awhile to take some photographs and to watch the bombardment. Then back down the steep path between the stunted ilex. Men are ducking into their dug-outs. A Turkish machine gun from the left is hitting up the dust on the track. We cut out a hundred yards in quick time between two bursts of fire, and escape unhit. All this is at the end of a long and tiring day, that commenced at Imbros at 5 a.m., included a trip across the Gulf of Saros, a call at Suvla, a sea trip along the coast to Anzac, and a walk back along the hot, dusty sap to our new position. After this other pilgrimage bully beef and hard biscuit and tea, and the writing of dispatches till midnight. Then the interests and



GRAVES ON GALLIPOLI.



THE LAST LOAD.

incidents and issues of war, ever in our minds, are effaced by welcome slumber, that not even the noise of battle can disturb.

* Death is done
And life is come !
Behold the illustrious chief of power
To whom we owe this light ome hour !
He stays with us an honoured while :
All evil flies before his smile.

THE EDGE OF THE BARLEY FIELD

ON A DAY IN AUGUST, 1915

MY DEAREST ONE,—

I have been back to the Barley Field. Yesterday I felt as if I could never go there again—but yesterday was a red day. This morning only a few of the guns were talking. The sun was bright and hot ; but there was a gentle land breeze. The sea was calm, and blue as a sapphire. Save for the tremulous whistle overhead of a sixty-pounder from a howitzer at lengthy intervals, the occasional crack of a sniper's rifle, and a few staccato shots from a concealed maxim, the whole Peninsula seemed at peace. I went round by the fringe of the low grass-lands, between the sturdy, forlorn oaks and graceful, whispering olive trees. The tender silver grey of these olive groves often conceals a gun—indeed a whole battery ! Can you imagine a greater incongruity ?

You come suddenly round a bend, upon a clump of these trees, and expect to hear a thrush, or at

least a linnet, sing. What you do hear is a man with a telephone tied to his ear, calling mechanically from long custom: "Twenty minutes more right! Add twenty-five! Repeat!" That has come along the wire from an observation post a mile or more away, and is passed on to an officer, who in turn tells it to the gun's crew, and notes the entry in a book. He is seated on an empty ammunition-box and, apparently, is taking little interest in the proceedings. Why should he? He cannot see the result of his work. Neither can the man who fires the gun. One regiment may be gallantly storming the heights or another hurriedly legging it from a captured trench, yet the gunner will not see the glory of the one nor the tragedy of the other. The shell is put into the gun, the breech closed, the sights quickly adjusted, and there is a resonant bang as the shell goes tearing through the air toward the unseen trench or gun emplacement. War is now a strange mixture of highly complex machinery and the ruder instruments of a bygone age.

But I have forgotten about the Barley Field, and I have forgotten also that it was not to you that I wrote about it. It was yesterday that we came upon it. There were three of us. It was the Colonel who, on rounding a bend in the sap, suddenly said: "Oh, hell! here's the General." The Colonel was not supposed to go near a battle—he was a Q man. But he did want to see this fight. So did the others, so with one accord we scrambled out of the

sap and over an ilex-covered ridge, close under the whistling shells. In this way we dodged the General. We descended again into a valley, ran across an open flat, with the bullets whipping the dust all around us, climbed on to another ridge, and lay prone watching the battle. There was an inferno of noise. The shells were shrieking overhead like infuriated demons of the air ; the machine guns were rapping out their death-dealing tattoo ; and the short, sharp-nosed Turkish bullets were coming with an almost continuous whistle, as of a strong wind on overhead wires, and phut-phutting into the ground all about us. Spread below us, within full view, the battle raged, the Turkish trenches going up in clouds with the shell smoke. Men were going forward and coming back, and all the time the whip of the shrapnel and the stream and shower of machine gun and rifle fire were making the attacking numbers smaller. Fires started in the grass and scrub, and many wounded lying out there that night were burnt to death.

The elation of watching the opening phases of a battle at close range can never be forgotten. But that feeling does not continue, even with success, and after a time you note that while ammunition and water are being hurried forward, the wounded are already coming slowly back—some gamely walking, others, with ghastly head and body wounds, lying quietly on the stretchers bravely borne by the sweating bearers. Some few are sneaking back from the stricken field, themselves

untouched, with wounded comrades : some with wounds self-inflicted. Even such things happen in battle !

But to-day there was none of this grim work. The Peninsula seemed almost at peace. We had gained ground and were digging in : the enemy had lost ground and were also digging in.

Crossing the valley at the foot of the ilex-covered ridge from which we viewed the fighting yesterday, one saw that the big oak-tree, under which we had sheltered awhile, had got some more bullets through its rough skin. And one wondered whether some Christian carpenter—with St. Sophia redeemed at last from the Crescent—building anew, might perchance blunt his plane on this Turkish nickel, and use unchristian language. But we had to confess to some doubt, for Turkish trenches had grown like mushrooms in a night, and we could plainly see, from the edge of the Barley Field, that here history was not being written “in lightning flashes.”

For two reasons I had gone back to the Barley Field : I wanted to get away from the moaning that, at intervals, came from the rude shelter where our wounded lay in rows in the hot sun. I wished to get away also from the flies and the sight of blood ; and from the dead men sewn up, each in his own grey blanket, ready for the long sleep in his hurriedly dug grave. Those who die here, near where I write crouching in a small, sandy, fly-filled dug-out, get formal burial. Farther afield their comrades, who with the enemy dead block the taken

trenches, are covered where they lie. The trench that was to become their home becomes their grave. Friend and foe they lie together—in peace at last. May God and the Prophet keep their respective souls and send consolation to their bereaved. Dying in the same trench, they have bandaged each other's wounds, have slaked each other's thirst. May each in his own paradise have his due reward for such kindly deeds !

Beside the Barley Field to-day, one is away from all the strife and the sordid side of war. Even the partridges that we flushed yesterday have come back into the corn, for a partridge as well as a soldier does well to have a full crop in these times of harry and strife. As I came upon them they rose with a whirr of wings from beside a bandolier on the edge of the trodden corn, and now, as yesterday, when the battle was at its height, they flew across the ridge toward the Turkish lines.

Lying here on the warm earth, on the fringe of what was the battlefield, one gains time and quiet to think over things. The sordid side of war is often uppermost in one's thought. But there are golden streaks in the darkness, or perhaps one should say in the redness, were it not for the fact that even the crimson stain on unshaven face and torn, brown garment dries a duller hue—as unpleasant to look upon as the flies that swarm about it.

But here in this clear air, the unfathomable blue above, one looks rather on the golden lining to the cloud, and closing my eyes in the hot noon

beside the Barley Field, I picture the long procession of our noble dead.

From the lands of all our great Empire men have rallied to the call. Brave General, gallant Colonel, fearless private—each alike has won his guerdon in the Great Event. There are mental silhouettes of one's own friends that death alone can efface—a gallant Colonel charging over the crest of a great ridge in the dawn ; a doctor who at his years might well have been taking his ease in England, shot through the head in his bivouac ; a brave man killed after victory in a dashing bayonet charge in the dark ; surgeons and stretcher-bearers ; padres and engineers ; signallers and soldiers, one after another they pass in the great procession.

For myself, I think this war, if it has not come too late, has come only just in time to save England. A great prosperity and a long peace were leading the nation slowly but surely toward a carelessness if not a disastrous decadence almost inevitable under such circumstances. Yet whether we win or lose or the battle be a drawn one, I firmly believe that the treasure which has been spent and the blood which has been spilt will not have been spent or spilt in vain. In regard to this particular campaign we see that in the Parliament and in the Press of England the slowly receding tide of unwarranted jubilation is giving place to an onrushing wave of gloom. Yet would one fain believe that underlying this, instead of a floor of shifting sand, there is still a stratum of solid purpose and idealism that will

make itself felt, and that whatever happens to us the better part of the nation will never admit that a single soldier has died here in vain.

There is a paragraph of Ruskin's—at the time of Balaclava—in which you might alter only one word and apply it here.

“ But I ask *their* witness,” he says, “ to whom the war has changed the aspect of the earth, and imagery of heaven, whose hopes it has cut off like a spider's web, whose treasure it has placed, in a moment, under the seals of clay. Those who can never more see sunrise, nor watch the climbing light gild the eastern clouds, without thinking what graves it has gilded, first, far down behind the dark earth-line—who never more shall see the crocus bloom in spring, without thinking what dust it is that feeds the wild-flowers of Gallipoli. Ask *their* witness, and see if they will not reply that it is well with them and with theirs ; that they would have it not otherwise ; would not, if they might, receive back their gifts of love and life, nor take again the purple of their blood out of the cross on the breastplate of England. Ask them : and though they should answer only with a sob, listen if it does not gather upon their lips into the sound of the old Seyton war-cry—‘ Set on ! ’ ”

With all my love,

Yours,

M.

ON THE FRINGES OF WAR

THERE comes a time in most military operations nowadays when equal opposing armies, however bravely they fight, must halt to draw breath. That time is utilized by them in the gentle art of "consolidating the position." Such a stage was reached in September in the Gallipoli campaign, and it was evident that there would be a dull week or two for the War Correspondents. It occurred to them that, in such circumstances, the fringes of the invaded country might prove even more interesting than the battle-ground itself, so one fine morning they set out down the Ægean for the picturesque and interesting Island of Mytilene.

Certain it was that among the islands of the Ægean, and along the coast of Asia—almost, though not quite, within sound of our guns—events of historic interest that went unrecorded were happening. The splendid work of our Navy in these waters would alone make a glowing page in history. But, alas! the chroniclers of the Navy are so full of modesty that many a deed of derring do will never be told as it should be.

For a time the presence of enemy submarines

seemed to send the ships of the Allied fleets scurrying for security into boomed harbours, but it was soon evident that the German submarines could no more chase the British flag from the Turkish seas than they could clear the Atlantic or the Channel. In an unsuspected harbour or in the lee of some island you came suddenly upon battleship, cruiser, monitor, or destroyer—or perhaps all four—held in leash against the opportune moment, whenever it should arrive. Other ships by day and by night ploughed the placid seas, keeping watch and ward—for the Navy never sleeps. On “their lawful occasions,” too, vessels, at anchor or slowly steaming up and down the coast, woke the echoes with the leisurely thunder of their great guns or the more insistent banging of their secondary armament. Their shells still exploded on Achi Baba; in the Anzac zone you might still see bits of the Turkish trenches disappearing in clouds of high explosive; and from Suvla Bay you could note the shrapnel bursting over the reinforcements coming up to join the hard-pressed but stubborn Turkish army in front of the village of Biyuik Anafarta. Anon there rose the deeper diapason of the bigger shells, ponderously tearing a pathway through the air over the Peninsula hills and across the Dardanelles, to land with a dull boom on the Asiatic coast.

And then there was the work of our own submarines—daring, brilliant, effective—a story half untold, but already sufficient to thrill the most phlegmatic pulse. Some ships and submarines,

it was true, had disappeared for ever beneath the waters of the gulf and of the Dardanelles, but there were always others to take their place, and so it was to the end. Meantime, in a small yacht or a North Sea trawler, you could steam unmolested under the British flag along the coast of Asia, south past Tenedos and other islands, on to Mytilene. At the former a shell from a monitor went rumbling overhead in search of some Turkish battery on the continent, and in reply a Turkish shell sent up a spout of water off the rocky island where the monitor lay. In parts where the waters narrow we steamed very near the Turkish coast—near enough to see two women walking on the beach below a deserted village with an old rectangular fort, built by the Venetians or the Genoese. But we did not go too close, because at any point we might be within reach of the bullets of the Turkish coast patrols, who kept watch as far south as and even beyond Smyrna.

The rugged hills of Asia rise steeply or in gentle slopes from the water's edge, and in places great dykes of volcanic rock cut across their shoulders or crown their crests. The soil is poor, and, for the most part, too steep and rocky for successful cultivation. Here and there a grove of olives and a few slender poplars relieve the monotony of sombre scrub, and the yellow pasture of a dry, spent summer.

On the other side historic Mytilene, where "burning Sappho loved and sang," lifts its high, rocky hills above slopes and bays, where nestle pretty

Greek villages. The whole island seems fringed with olive groves. Fronting the beautiful bay, its shops and cafés and villas reflected in the waters of the curving harbour, and backed by rocky hills, up which the olive groves climb, lies the capital—the old castle and fort crowning a promontory on the left, a still older crumbling ruin on the beach below.

To this place, in their thousands and scores of thousands, have come the refugees from the coast of Asia, only a few miles away, presenting a serious problem for the local authorities and for the Greek Government. The exodus began before the war—in May and June of 1914—and continued until the island, which nominally supports a population of about 120,000, had 80,000 additional people cast upon it. The exodus, says a refugee, is the direct result of the policy and action of "the Committee of Union and Progress," established by the Young Turkish Party. The villages along the coast are essentially Greek villages, but the Young Turk Party was in want of money, so, under the guise of Ottomanizing the Greeks, it commenced to levy toll. It began by pretending to make soldiers of these people, but instead of calling upon "three ages," as in the case of their own people, it called up many more. The Greeks soon found that this making of them into soldiers was a mere pretence. The Turkish Government did not, at that time, want more soldiers. What it wanted was money, and ever more money. In accordance with this policy the Greek recruits were not really trained

as soldiers, but were given rough work—such as road-making—to do, the alternative being that the Greeks would either buy their freedom by individual payments of £40 or would leave the country, in which latter case their property would be confiscated by the Turkish Government. Of the three things—serving as so-called soldiers, buying their freedom, or leaving the country and their property—the Greeks who came within the scope of the proclamation generally chose the last, and so the migration to Mytilene began.

From Aivali, with 30,000 inhabitants, and all the villages to Smyrna, and even farther south, the exodus continued, till at one time there must have been 80,000 refugees in Mytilene. Since then some of these had extended their migration to Salonika, Macedonia, Kavalla, and Piræus. In the villages in Asia Minor, whence these migrants had come, there were only old men and women and boys left. What was happening to them no one knew, for the father or the son on Mytilene dare not return to the continent. Communication between the island and the mainland was stopped, unless by some brigand or by some spy, risking a venture under cover of the darkness. For it was not only the Greek peasant who had come to the island from the continent. In the capital you might hear the report of a revolver in the night-time, and German gold was at work there as elsewhere. But so long as the olives were yet to gather the remaining population of the coastal villages would not be maltreated, though they

might be half starved. One did not like to speculate upon what might happen when winter came. Even in Mytilene, where the Greek Government made an allowance of six francs a month per head, one saw whole families sleeping in the streets, or camped, with all their little lares and penates done up in a bundle, under some olive tree by the wayside. In Asia Minor the flocks and the herds and the houses, both of Greeks and Armenians, had been taken. After the picking of the olives it might be the turn of the women and children to be taken. Many had already disappeared.

A young lace-maker, brought into the house of a friend, had a sad story to tell. The old serving woman had sadder tales. At the soup-kitchen where an English journalist was providing a dinner for refugee children, there was a pretty dark-eyed girl of nine or ten, fending for herself and her baby sister—the sole survivors of a family. What had happened to the others she did not know. Many of these refugees, now in poverty, were a few months ago well-to-do. The young Greek, of quiet and charming manner—married to an Englishwoman of a family that had been in Turkey for about two hundred years, and through whose efforts this soup-kitchen was maintained—had, on the way thither, watched the smoke of his burning estate rising across the straits. On the mainland he occupied the position almost of a feudal baron, taking an interest in the welfare of the peasantry, their churches, and their institutions. But he, like

the others, had to seek refuge in the neighbouring island. One had been told stories of massacre that one did not believe—such as the body of a girl having been hung up in a butcher's shop, and pieces of flesh cut off and thrown at the passing Christians. This man said witnesses of the incident could be produced. He brought in one whose friends and relatives saw it. That was the nearest we could get to the truth. But of rapine and murder, done in the broad light of day in the highways and byways, there were tales in plenty, and they were true tales. Actual photographs bore witness of such. It might be that one side was no more blameworthy than the other: that it was six of one and half a dozen of the other—that one day the Turk did the massacring and another day the so-called Christian. Even our friend who was succouring these Greeks—who were Turkish subjects—did not blame the Turks altogether. He said they were instigated by others. Among the women gathered about the soup-kitchen was one who saw many of the foul deeds done on the opposite coast. By disguising herself as an old woman, she escaped notice, and secured her own safety, while her friends and relations were butchered or carried off to Turkish houses. Many girls were taken into the interior, and their fate and whereabouts were still unknown.

ABODES OF AN ANZAC

ANY one who lives through the great war will have in the years to come precious memories of the habitations in which he has hoped and feared and endured. The recollections will not be all pleasant ones, yet the shadows will serve only to heighten the high lights that illumine the picture.

It seems a long time now since we steamed, with lights out, past the Cyclades and the Sporades and entered the blue Ægean. At Lemnos we changed from troopship to trawler,—a premonition of the transition from Shepherd's in Cairo to a Dug-out on Gallipoli !

Imbros, a long silver-grey shadow, appeared out of the moonlight that paved our wake with burnished silver. Then, glowing like fire-flies in a forest, came the lights of Anzac, and with them the desultory crackle of rifle fire, the dull boom of bombs, and the loud reports of a destroyer's guns. We landed in the darkness—for the moon had gone down into the Sea of Saros—and a cloaked figure with a lantern led us to two small caverns in a pile



ABODES OF AN ANZAC.

of stores. In our clothes we laid ourselves down and tried to sleep, but rats and a combined and overpowering odour of cheese and tarpaulin soon shifted us into an "office." I went to bed on the office table, safe at least from the rats. As dawn slowly came the walls resolved themselves into a mosaic of boxes with a decorative stencilling of "Biscuits, 40 lbs." on each one. Shadowy patches on the tarpaulin roof turned to constellations of sleeping flies that were presently to awake to a superactivity that made life in the daytime almost unendurable. In the morning I moved up to "Wellington Terrace," where the New Zealand General had his primitive and rather unsafe headquarters, and the next night I slept the sleep of the just and the tired on the open pathway that led past the bivouacs and on up to the heights of Anzac. Among others I was introduced to a member of the House of Commons, who set two Turkish prisoners to dig me a dug-out next to his own.

They were good fellows, those Turks, and they made me an excellent dug-out in the side of the hill. It had two rafters supporting a galvanized iron roof. And it had a door hung with a grey blanket, and a little window across which was stretched some netting to keep out the flies. A ledge of hard clay was for many weeks my bed, and, hard as it was, I became quite used to it after about a week, in which I got a new idea of anatomy—especially of the hip joints. The corrugated iron roof was covered with gravelly clay that was supposed to withstand

shrapnel and dropping bullets, but that was an illusion that lasted not many days. Sandbags would have served the purpose, but there were not half enough sandbags for the men in the trenches. For the rest the roof kept out most of the rain, and, beyond the Indian burying-ground in the immediate foreground, one never tired of the glorious views of Imbros and Samothrace set in the silver Ægean. Many a time one seemed to earn the Victoria Cross going to and from that dug-out, but I was never hit, save by flying stones and dirt from bursting shells. These came from three directions—the Anafarta gun on the left, our friend “Beachy Bill” on the right, and, latterly, from a howitzer that lobbed shells over the hill from behind. Nevertheless, when the time came to move on, it was with a pang of sincere regret that I left my first dug-out. And though other occupants came into it and improved it when material became more plentiful, I could seldom pass it without a longing to go inside.

It was in that August when there was much bloody fighting that we moved out with the New Zealand Division to No. 2 Outpost from which we had to make the attack on the left. There, in an Otago Colonel, I met an old friend. It was the night of the commencement of the great battle and the Suvla landing. In front of his dug-out we sat long in the darkness talking. And when he buckled on his harness and went out into the night for the last time he presented me with his dug-out.

Next morning I saw him in the Casualty Clearing Station mortally wounded. He was conscious but could not speak, yet when he heard my name mentioned he looked round at me, and the old pleasant smile that his friends and his men knew so well lit up his face for the last time.

Of that dug-out I have no happy memories. It comes to me in my dreams sometimes as a nightmare. It is the darkest shadow in the whole picture. But for weeks I lived and worked in it, suffering my share of illness and pestilence. It is from that dug-out that I date the loss of relatives and friends. Men were killed and wounded all about it. Not a day passed without some casualty occurring in the immediate vicinity. In the dug-out just behind it, another colonel, whose close friendship I had made at Anzac, fell dead shot through the head while talking to a friend. A hard-working Peer of the Realm was wounded while walking near the Hospital. My own servant was shot through the legs. And so it went on for weeks and weeks.

One might have made quite a safe dug-out in that hillside by digging, but somehow one never thought of doing so. Funk-holes in those days were not *de rigueur*, and there was always at the back of one's head an idea that it would not be sporting to dig into greater safety than one's neighbour. The General was just as bad as the rest of us. He took all the risks, and, in addition, no one could keep him out of the trenches.

When I went to bed in my dug-out my head and my body were safe from dropping bullets, but not my legs. One shell dropping in the right place would have blown me and my bivouac out of existence. And this, mind you, was at Divisional Headquarters. In France during the battle of the Somme one visited the Headquarters of a famous Division that was in the thick of the fight, and was made welcome in the dining-room of a great château with a walled garden and beautiful grounds, beyond the reach not only of bullets but of shells. Four or five miles from the firing-line, the contrast with our circumscribed area on Gallipoli could not fail to strike home.

In this new dug-out there was not room to stand up, let alone to indulge in the proverbial exercise of swinging a cat. So I had to do my writing sitting on the floor, with my back against one wall and my feet pushed into a little recess scooped out of the opposite wall with my pocket-knife. Only a few yards away was the Casualty Clearing Station, and while I wrote of battles I had to listen to the moaning of the wounded and the dying. And in the mornings "the sour damp smell of death" pervaded my dwelling, for just below the mouth of my little cavern, laid out in a row, with their grey blankets over them, were those who had died in the night and were awaiting burial. In such a situation it was hard to get used to the plague of innumerable flies, that, as soon as the sun rose, began to fill one's dug out. Poor food, thirst, heat, dust, flies,

dysentery and jaundice were the constant companions of those who lived here.

My friend the Member of Parliament went away sick, and, seeing my plight, gave me his dug-out during his absence. It was in a small fort on top of a little hill, and in comparison with my little cave was quite a palace. It had a galvanized iron roof, a camp bed, and a small library. About it was a maze of deep trenches, some of them originally made by the Turks. One wall and one end of my new dug-out was of hard clay, the other wall and the other end were built up of sandbags. A piece of mosquito netting, hung in front of the door, kept out most of the flies, but it was cooler up here, and there were no dead except those that were already buried, so the flies were fewer. The book-case was an ammunition-box. It seemed strange in this place, the dug-out of an English M.P., to read in his Iliad of how in ancient days, not far from here—

The sacred soil of Ilios was rent

With shaft and pit ; foiled waters wandering slow

Through plains where Simois and Scamander went

To war with gods and heroes long ago.

The little fort was well within reach of the Turkish shells, and even of their machine guns and rifles. There was one sniper who used to fire continuously at the sandbagged end of the dug-out. The phut ! phut ! phut ! of his bullets came with an irritating regularity. Weeks afterwards when the M.P. came back I told him to beware of this persistent fellow, as I felt that he would succeed in boring a hole

right through the wall. And sure enough he did, for one day my friend found one of the sharp-pointed Turkish bullets on the floor in front of his bed.

This dug-out had many advantages, but one serious drawback. Only a few yards away was a concealed mountain gun that banged off at the first streak of dawn and at other uncertain intervals. It was bad enough to be unceremoniously awakened out of one's beauty sleep in this way, but in addition I was always in mortal terror that the Turks would locate that gun and land a high explosive shell into the fort, in which case I should read no more in the Iliad.

It was an uncanny place in which to sleep, for one had no immediate neighbours, and the situation produced a new sensation in sound. The sounds were different from those I had become accustomed to in my own cave fronting the beach. The groans of the wounded, the rattle of the mule carts coming and going in the darkness, and the chatter of the Indians loading up with sandbags and bombs, did not penetrate so far. In their stead came the tat-tat-tat-ing of the machine guns and the phut-phut-phut-ing of the bullets against the wall of my habitation: at intervals the loud report of one of our own guns, followed by the echo from this knoll, straining the drums of the ears and shaking down little bits of gritty earth from the walls of the dug-out. Out of this boom and echo, lasting for several seconds, came the tearing noise of the shell through the air, gradually diminishing as it gained distance

but lost velocity. Then the far-off explosion, with, we hoped, death in its train. For a time I read by the light of a candle, and then the Greek servant—named Christ the Carpenter—entered and spread his master's British warm across my feet. Occasionally in the night there would arise bursts of rifle and machine-gun fire, and reports of high-explosive shells thrown upon some Turkish trench. Then I would get up, and, peering over the parapet, watch the spurts of red flame in the darkness and the beautiful star-shells soaring heavenward to burst and fall in a graceful shower of falling meteors. I was sorry when the time came to leave this dwelling-place.

Our next move was into a little gully just over the hill, where we thought we should be safer from shot and shell. There we had a more elaborate system of dug-outs, but we could get no iron, or very little, and the dropping bullets occasionally came through our tarpaulin roofs. There were two such bullet-holes in my roof, and one night the water collected in a pool and suddenly ran down upon me as I was lying asleep in bed. Then the Turkish gunners found us out, and men were killed and wounded in our new headquarters. One day, when some particularly heavy shelling started, I came to the door of my dug-out and saw the General's mess suddenly go up in a cloud of black, high-explosive smoke. By the merest chance I was not at that moment writing in the adjoining mess, which also suffered.

In this dug-out I lay for days ill, often watching the shells bursting a few yards away, and wondering when my turn would come. By this time we had made "funk-holes" well into the side of the hill—four men were killed and two badly wounded digging the first one—and when the shelling started we were supposed to hurry into these. Once I rose from my sick-bed, and, hastily donning some clothing, sought refuge in the dark recesses of one of these vaults. But it was frigidly cold and draughty, and, thinking a sudden death by shell-fire preferable to a lingering one from pneumonia, I went back to bed. Through the open door of my dug-out I watched the shrapnel hitting up the dirt on the path in front. A man passing was hit in the neck and the wound bled profusely.

Soon after my arrival at Anzac the General Staff decided that all the War Correspondents should be herded together in a special camp on the Island of Imbros. Protests were in vain, and threats would no doubt have meant being shot at dawn! But in regard to myself and the Australian Correspondent, the Commander-in-Chief gave us permission to live a great deal with our own men on the Peninsula. After waiting on a shell-swept beach at Anzac for over an hour, I boarded a belated trawler and crossed to the island. At Kephalos some ships had been sunk to make a harbour. A dusty road led past a semicircular smelly beach upon which seaweed was rotting in the hot sun, and on through a row of tents on the one hand and Greek canteens on the other.

Inland, the island rose in a series of ilex-covered hills of volcanic rock, very beautiful in colouring. The bay was filled with battleships, cruisers, destroyers, and ships of various size and kind. Later seaplanes, aeroplanes, and the "Silver Sausage"—a small airship—came and went, and strange-looking "blister" cruisers and stranger-looking monitors with huge guns took up anchorage there. We were in the midst of all the growing complexities of modern warfare.

About the Greek canteens the "Tommies" and the flies appeared to swarm in equal numbers, the former buying at ruinous prices choice articles of food, and the latter doing their best to poison it before it could be eaten. A crowd had gathered about a table on which a recalcitrant labourer was being beaten. Egyptians and Greeks looked on. "Wot are they doin' there?" asked a passing "Tommy." "Dunno," came the prompt reply from the other soldier; "I fancy they're electin' another King o' Greece!"

In front of a windowless stone house sat a decrepit Greek, with a dark-eyed, olive-complexioned girl in shabby dress and stockinged feet, gazing idly at the soldiers. An old crone hobbled about in the background. The other and younger Greeks went on selling their eggs and onions, their chocolate and tomatoes. And only across the way was Ida, catching the last rays of the setting sun, and at its feet Scamander and Simois, where once Poseidon sat enthroned. Shades of Menelaus and Helen and

all the great ones of their time ! How were the mighty fallen !

No one seemed to know where the War Correspondents' Camp was, but at last I came suddenly upon it in a vineyard fringed with umbrageous trees, and at a table in the shade of these trees a young man, bareheaded and in his shirt-sleeves, at his *al-fresco* meal. This was a famous War Correspondent. In the stirring times to come, we were to see a good deal of each other, and to share many dangers and adventures in common. But in so far as I was concerned the War Correspondents' Camp existed only in the imagination of the General Staff. There was no tent for me, but eventually I slept in a tent where there were two machine guns, and next day I got my own.

In time, largely through the determination of my fellow scribe, and the genius of an interpreter, half Scot, half Serb, who had among other things been manager of the Moulin Rouge, we made this camp quite a pleasant place, at once the joy of all invited to it and the envy of all who passed by. Bartlett, Nevinson, Lawrence, and Russell, who were the British Correspondents, lived there nearly all the time, making pilgrimages to the Peninsula, while Bean and I, who lived mostly at Anzac, came to it occasionally as a haven of refuge, where, in safety from the Turkish shells and bullets, we could write up—as far as the Censor would allow—the doings of our own men. There, also, we could get some good food, and Greek wine. Lawrence had made a

journey to Malta and had returned with food and drink and a Maltese cook. That feat, but more especially the getting of a Maltese cook within the zone of war, will remain for ever his *magnum opus*. But the cook did not turn out to be all our fancy painted him. He lasted only a little longer than the wine. We gave him £10 and shipped him back to his native island, and a young Greek, who was a Turkish subject and a refugee, was installed in his stead.

Across the island were the picturesque villages of Isotherace, Panagia, and Castro, and to these we made occasional pilgrimages for more food and wine. These journeys are still pleasant memories. Mounted on the little Balkan ponies, led by sandalled Greeks across the mountain paths, we formed quite a cavalcade and looked for all the world like a scene from a Passion play. In the gullies there was a wealth of fern and bracken and scented ver-bena, and many other wild-flowers. The mulberry trees were laden with ripe fruit. Greek peasants—generally the women—were threshing their scanty store of corn, beating it out in the old way with the hooves of horses or bullocks or asses that they drove round and round the narrow, stone-flagged circles that dotted the land. Afterwards the corn was ground in mills driven by the Ægean winds. At the top of the pass we came upon a fountain from which the water was slowly trickling from the solid basalt, clear and cool. Crickets sang in the hot sun, and butterflies—brown, and golden yellow, and palest

blue—flew across the mountain path—a path that looked as if it had been made in the time of Caesar and had not been repaired since. We came upon flocks of goats with tinkling bells, and upon vineyards and olive groves. But for the distant boom of a ship's gun firing on Achi Baba one might have imagined that there was no such thing as war. And yet next day we were in the very midst of it.

As the hot summer passed, and autumn came quickly on his heels, we bethought us that we could not much longer live in tents, so we sought for a less airy and more enduring habitation. On the side of a hill about a mile away, there was a small village of stone houses, and among them one that was almost new. It was a veritable castle, for it had two stories. That is, it had one room on top of the other two. We discovered the owner, after having decided upon a price which to offer him. But first of all we asked the Greek what he would take. This, coming from men of a literary turn, was a real inspiration, and, to our amazement, the Greek demanded only about half what we were prepared to give. Having sufficiently recovered from the shock, without giving any undue indication of the fact, we told him his price was too high, and offered him a still lower sum. Finally we split the difference and the house was ours. Afterwards we found that a friend with the true commercial instinct had got a house at a still cheaper rate!

In late autumn we moved in. Soon afterwards Sir Ian Hamilton, who had been recalled from the

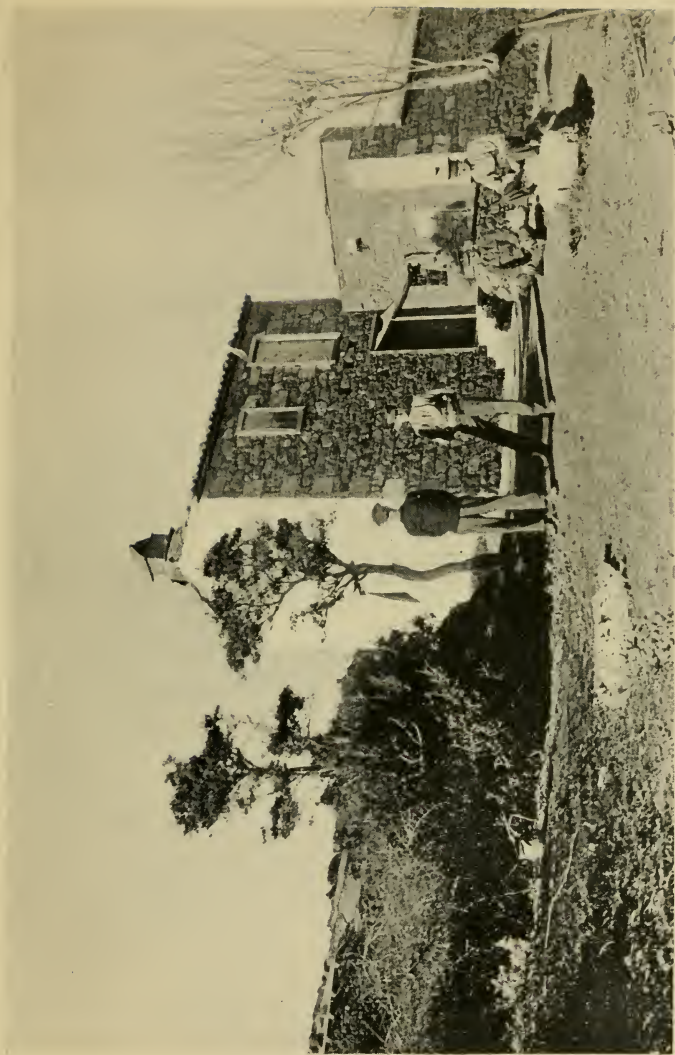
Dardanelles, came with some members of his personal staff riding up the pathway to say good-bye to us. He smiled when he saw our quarters, the rude little stone house through which the wind whistled, and he expressed regret that he had not brought along the official photographer to make a picture of it. But with haughty pride we pointed to its two stories, and told him that it was the finest thing in architecture on the island since the time of Pericles. This seemed to amuse him, and from that day we dated our letters from the Château Pericles.

From the owner of the Château we bought attenuated vegetables and diminutive eggs at prices that made amends for anything that his want of temerity might have cost him in the matter of rent. His wife, we hoped, would do our washing in the intervals in which she was not engaged in agriculture. She was no doubt a direct descendant of the Venus Milo, but she did not look like it. Indeed, she was no longer beautiful. She was, of course, suitably draped—in very baggy trousers gathered in at the ankles, a bodice of rural design, and about her classic brow a bandage so faded that it might have come from some derelict Field Ambulance after a strenuous battle. Her baggy trousers gave her a somewhat comic look when she walked—especially when she was going away from one.

On the whole we were fairly happy in the Château Pericles. There were now only three of us, for Bartlett had gone to London, and Nevinson was at

Salonika. Bean and Lawrence occupied the upper room of our castle, and I a dark, narrow chamber down below, in which most of the room was taken up by two great corn-bins made of stone covered with a plaster of mud and straw. There were other inhabitants besides myself here, including mice. As my room was also the store-room, and the mice had a penchant for macaroni and candles, they remained with me to the last. The third room of the Château Pericles we used as a dining- and a writing-room, but one had to beware, for the room above had a wooden floor with great cracks in it, and when the floor was being scrubbed, or when at rare intervals its occupants had a bath, the man below was apt to get a bath also.

Our servants occupied a room outside, and the cook was given an outhouse that all our ingenuity failed to make watertight. After a time he showed a decided inclination to become a levanter in more than the original sense, so we had to put the fear of God and the P.M. into him. If he did not cook for us, we said we would hand him over to the Turks. Failing that, he might have to join the Greek Army. At the thought of this he grew pale. But we maintained our biggest hold on him by always keeping at least a fortnight of his wages in hand, for, to a Greek, the fear of all his gods, temporal and spiritual, is as nothing to the dread of losing earned increment. Poor beggar ! he did not have a very hilarious time, for he had no one to talk to, and our servants, I fear, rather bullied him. Turner's



THE CHÂTEAU PERICLES.

English and Maloney's Irish brogue were too much for him, while our Greek was not what it ought to be. Apparently, also, the Greek and the Celt do no assimilate, for one day I found the Greek cook chasing Maloney around our demesne with a knife. When Greek meets Greek there is supposed to be a tussle, but when Greek meets Celt, then the real fun begins. Maloney was on the run till he reached the wood-pile, from which, in passing, he grabbed an axe. I came upon the scene as the enemy was about to counter-attack, and, at the risk of my own life, prevented bloodshed. Maloney said the cook had "disinsulted" him, but as he must have "disinsulted" him in Greek I could not ascertain how Maloney became aware of the fact. For a time the battle was continued with words, the combatants having been persuaded to lay aside the axe and the knife, but, what with the cook's incoherent Greek and Maloney's excited and tearful Irish, it was difficult for one to maintain that solemnity of feature that is so necessary an adjunct to discipline and authority. But in the end my persuasion won the day, and Peace once more folded her wings and perched above the lintel of the one door that led into the Château Pericles.

I have one other memory of the Château Pericles that will not fade while memory lasts. It was during the great blizzard that played havoc with our lines of communications and strewed our beaches with wreckage. I am alone in the Château. Bean is stormbound on the Peninsula, and Lawrence,

who after a delay that almost proved disastrous had perforce gone off to Egypt for clothes, is vainly endeavouring to get passage back again. Ugh ! how the cold wind shrieks about the gables and whistles through the cracks and crannies. At times it comes moaning with splashes of rain. It is a regular tempest, with the thunder growling above it all. The elements as well as the nations are at war. A blinding flash has just lit up the gloom, and the crashing thunder comes with the roar of a fourteen-inch gun, only that it reverberates longer among the rocky hills of the island. Turner, the mildest-mannered of men, who was in five bayonet charges and has a good toll of Turks to his credit, has come in with a swirl of wind and rain to tell me that our Greek cook is "drownded out." "We'll 'ave to shift the iron on 'is roof round the other way, sir," he continues, adding cheerfully, "There's another storm comin' up on top o' this one, sir. Looks as if it's goin' to be a regular snorter." And it was !

From the dug-outs of Gallipoli and the Château Pericles on Imbros to a hospital in Cairo, thence to the luxury of Shepherd's, and on to a tent in the desert at Lake Timsah, I went by uncertain stages, never knowing what a day or an hour might bring forth. Months afterwards it was a pleasant change to meet the British War Correspondents, and, for a time, to be their honoured guest in a real château in France, with a great garden, a tennis lawn, a billiard table, and five motor-cars at their

disposal. There I slept in a great high-ceilinged room into which almost you could have put the whole of the Château Pericles, and all the dug-outs I ever had on Gallipoli.

And yet there are times when wistful eyes look back across the fields of France and the leagues of sea that separate me from my old bodes at Anzac.

GOOD-BYE TO ABDUL

EARLY in December, 1915, it was stated in the House of Lords that a well-known General had recommended the evacuation of the British and French armies on Gallipoli. The statement was an extraordinary one to make public at such a time, and the soldiers were furious. But on second thoughts we said to ourselves: "Well, the Turks will never think we are going to abandon the expedition, because if we were we should not be such damned fools as to say so." Even the Germans were misled into that idea.

The *Berliner Tageblatt* stated that the Dardanelles undertaking would have been abandoned long ago if it were as easy to get out of the jaws of the lion as to get into them.

Yet in a few weeks' time we were off the Peninsula and enjoying our Christmas dinner far away from Gallipoli. The beast had been disappointed of his prey at Anzac. The jaws of the Turko-German lion had snapped; but they had snapped a little too late. The story of how the enemy was outwitted is a fascinatingly interesting one; but it cannot even

yet be told in detail. The joke of the whole thing, apparently, was that the Turks, instead of thinking we were evacuating, thought we were landing three new divisions to make another attack. But whatever happened, there can be not the least doubt that the Turkish commander was left lamenting the fact that he had at least failed to scupper our rear-guard, and that he did not even capture one solitary machine gun.

The great thing from our point of view was to make it appear from day to day as if events were running their ordinary course. The cleverness and the resource with which this was accomplished will one day pass into history in detail. The final operation orders were a model of clear thinking and organization from the main principles down to the smallest detail of the Great Adventure. One and all, from the highest commands down to the privates in the trenches, carried them out with a loyal co-operation and enthusiasm worthy of the best traditions of our race. To a non-combatant on the Peninsula carefully watching events from day to day the position appeared to bristle with difficulties, some of which it seemed almost hopeless to surmount. To such an extent was this the case that the final triumphant success, when it did come, was a little difficult of realization.

Towards the close of the Great Adventure the humorists got to work, and it was no uncommon sight to see a comfortable dug-out bearing the notice—*A Lower*. Many of the men left messages for

Abdul—"A Merry Christmas" and "Good wishes for the New Year." One gunnery officer gathered together all the bottles he could find and piled them outside the mess. "The Turk," he said, "will think our last strafe was the result of a great carousal." One battery away on the right left its mess-table set with bully beef, a bottle of whisky, and some other odds and ends, "With compliments to the commander of 'Beachy Bill.'" On the table in another dug-out there was left a gramophone, wound up and with the needle on the record ready to give out the tune. The air was "The Turkish Patrol."

In our mess, however sad or serious we might be inwardly, we managed at least to maintain a cheerful exterior, extending mock sympathy to the "die-hards," and chaffing each other as to the various capacities that we should presently be appearing in at Constantinople.

The idea was sedulously cultivated that the men were going into rest camps; but the intelligence of the colonial troops was too keen to permit of the continuance of this deception. A query to the O.C. Artillery as to when his second lot of guns were going into the "rest camp" elicited only a smile, and a suggestion that the guns were getting tired was an insult that rankled but could not be replied to.

In the dug-outs, in the trenches, and in the artillery observation posts various kindly messages, and even presents of food, were left for our gallant

foes. One New Zealand artillery officer, whose skull was laid bare by a shell that came through the roof of his observation post, left a message for the Turkish gunners to say that the shell "did not get him." That same officer carried on till his gun was withdrawn and safely placed on board an outgoing ship.

But underlying all this fun and frolic that is so well-recognized a trait of British character in the presence of extreme danger, there was a deeper feeling of sadness that we should be leaving, without a further struggle, the ground so dearly won—the ilex-covered valleys and hills, gained and held with the life's blood of so many of the noblest and best of New Zealand's and Australia's sons. Somewhat poetically one of the New Zealand soldiers put this phase of thought to his Battalion Commander: "I hope, sir," he said, "that those fellows who lie buried along the Dere will be soundly sleeping and not hear us as we march away." The idea that his dead comrades might think the living were forsaking them seemed to have made a deep impression on his mind.

The spirit of the men towards the close was splendid. As the last days drew near the suspense grew greater. Did the Turks know that we were evacuating? Would they attack at the last moment our attenuated lines? These were questions that were ever uppermost in our minds; but even up to the last day we had a supreme confidence in our ability to repel any Turkish attack that might

be launched upon us. The New Zealand General—now in command of the Army Corps—finally took all ranks into his confidence, and issued an order expressing his trust in their discretion and their high soldierly qualities to carry out a task the success of which would largely depend upon their individual efforts. In the case of an attack he expressed himself confident that the men who had to their credit such deeds as the original landing at Anzac, the repulse of the big Turkish attack on May 18, the capture of Lone Pine, the Apex, and Hill 60, would hold their ground with the same valour and steadfastness as heretofore, however small in numbers they might be. The splendid spirit of the men at the finish showed that this confidence was not misplaced.

On the Friday I went into the firing line on the Apex—the highest ground won in all the fighting—and found the New Zealanders, who still occupied that post of honour, tumbling over one another to be the last to leave. The Colonel commanding one battalion called for thirty volunteers from two companies. Every man in each company volunteered. Men were coming to their commanders and begging that they might be allowed to be in the last lot to go.

“Do let me stay,” said one man. “I was in the landing, and I should like to be one of the last to leave.”

It was just the same with the Australians—they all wanted to be in the “Diehards.”

“Have you many volunteers for the ‘Diehards’?” I asked one commander.

“Every mother’s son of them wants to be a ‘Diehard’!” he replied.

And this, mind you, was at a time when we thought that most of the “Diehards” would, for a certainty, be either killed, wounded, or taken prisoner—at a time when a little jumpiness and hesitation might very well have been expected. In one position on the left, when the last lot assembled at the cookhouse, it was found that there were two missing. One had gone back to the firing line for his pipe, the other for something he had left behind in his bivouac!

With such excellent organization on the part of the staff, and such brave and loyal co-operation and *sang-froid* on the part of the officers and men in the trenches, it is perhaps, after all, not to be wondered at that the Turks were busy shelling the vacant trenches and the deserted beaches a day after men, mules, and guns were already well across the Gulf of Saros, in the language of the official dispatch, “to be employed elsewhere.” They had triumphantly succeeded in one of the most difficult of operations—in a feat that is unique in the annals of warfare.

INTO THE DESERT

IT is winter, and we are in Egypt again. The second season since the war began is in full swing at Cairo, but the tropic suits and gay gowns of the rich cosmopolitan tourists are no longer to be seen. Khaki still reigns. Generals and Colonels and Majors and all the other official ranks fill the two dining-rooms and the grill-room at Shepherd's. A countess from the Continent, a few officers' wives, overseas nurses in their drab grey relieved with scarlet capes—the Canadians strikingly tall and handsome in their well-cut military dark blue and shining gilt buttons—mingle with the Khaki throng. At dinner a band plays, and on Saturday evenings there is a dance in the splendid, domed Moorish Hall. At the Continental it is very much the same. Other well-known hotels are shut, or are used as hospitals. The Heliopolis Hotel—the largest in the world—houses only sick and wounded. There are few of the latter now. The Semiramis boards and lodges a hundred and fifty nurses—mostly unemployed. Later there may be work for them to do, but at present there is no fighting in our zone. The army

is "somewhere in Egypt," doing desert marches, building roads and railways, laying pipe and telegraph lines, and making trenches. A "Tommy" writes home to his mother to say that he is in a strange country inhabited mostly by natives. He says that where he is camped there are no shops—only sand. He walks out a mile or two and there is more blanky sand. He adds a line asking her to tell father that there is no use coming out here to grow rhubarb!

The new Colonial troops are interested: the old ones are "fed up," because a year ago they had their fill of the desert. They do not forget the manœuvres on the hills beyond the old Mena Camp, nor the trying marches to the detested third white tower and back that made them fit to storm the heights of Anzac. The "Tommy," like the average man, is never quite contented with his lot. At one time he is longing for a fight: at another he is longing to get out of it.

From a damp dug-out on Gallipoli to the luxurious appointments of Shepheard's is a far cry and a pleasant change, but, after a time, the conventions, and even the menus, of civilization begin to lose their novelty and their charm, and you long for variety. The day comes when you experience a sense of elation in buying another camp-bed and a canvas bucket, and all the other odds and ends lost, stolen, or strayed, on Gallipoli. With the green fields of the Delta flying past you in the train, you feel that you may be once more getting

back to "the real thing"—to new thrills and sensations. The palms and the mud villages, the tall robed fellahin toiling in his field, the singing sakeer flooding the land by the power of its patient circling oxen, the sheep and goats following the shepherd as in the time of Moses, are left behind, and that night with a feeling of supreme contentment you unfold your bed under the canvas roof on a floor of the clean desert sand. Your batman takes the place of the big dark Berberin who served you in Cairo. You are with the Army again.

* * * * *

It is not so easy as it seems to get to the new front. Leaving your camp in the early morning, you have a long day and varied means of locomotion ahead of you, first a motor-car, and then a motor-launch along the Canal. The Canal is always interesting, and more interesting now than ever. In spite of the Turco-German menace, ships that prove the maritime might of Britain and of the Greater Britain beyond the Seas still pass up and down between Suez and Port Said unchallenged and unharmed. A hundred and fifty miles away at Beersheba, the Turkish headquarters are no nearer their goal than they were a year ago. A patrol away out in the desert, a spy caught swimming the Canal—these are the only near evidences of possible attack. Out in the desert a few huddled corpses—skin and bone and faded clothing—from which their covering of sand has blown, are still grimmer reminders of the fight. The beams for a

bridge lie farther afield—evidence of a dogged persistence and unwarranted optimism on the part of our friend the enemy. He failed miserably then : he will fail again.

* * * * *

Leaving our launch we climb a sloping roadway on the eastern bank and find ourselves at a divisional headquarters. The zigzag lines of the old trenches with their entanglements of barbed wire are still there, and new wire has been added to make the barrier more formidable. Here the problem of further transport faces us, for every man, every horse, every mule, every camel, is at work. Eventually we get three transport horses and start gaily on our journey eastward. It comes near to being a disastrous start, for the big chestnut that one of the party has mounted is a bolter and a buckjumper, and has a mouth as hard as iron. He at once proceeds to show off all these attributes, with the result that the rider is soon lying stunned on the sand. Fortunately it is sand. In due time the journey is resumed—in a motor-wagon, one of the party riding ahead on the tamest horse of the trio.

As far as the road runs there is much traffic. A train with narrow wagons and a quaint little George Stephenson engine comes rumbling past. On the road motor-lorries and mule-carts come and go, and out on the right there is another little railway with a still narrower gauge. The small trucks are drawn by mules. They carry stone for the road—a friable limestone that binds fairly well after it is watered.

Each truck has an Australian soldier and one or two "gypies" on it, one man generally riding postilion. The black and the white, Christian and Mohammedan, work cheerily together in the common cause. The lies of the German press about shooting down the redifs, and that weird tale of an Australian officer killing two of his Indian orderlies because they were "guilty of clumsiness," would make our men smile. Anyhow, our officers never have Indian orderlies.

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The time passes in conversation with a Colonial officer who was a plumber, and has been promoted from the ranks. He would not appear to great advantage in Bond Street, nor feel quite at ease in a London drawing-room, but he has been at Anzac all the time, and has an amazing singleness of purpose in his work. The sand doesn't worry him: he doesn't care where he may be sent—France, Mesopotamia, Salonika. It is all the same to him so long as he is doing his bit to end the war satisfactorily. Yes, he would like to see the end of it. "Nine solid months at Anzac and only hit once: I've got a feeling I'll come through all right," he adds. He is married—a wife and three kiddies. They are beginning already to ask when Daddy is coming home, and the youngest one doesn't know him. But he *had* to go to the war. He could not have borne in after years, had he not gone, to have his children asking where were his medals? He has been volunteer soldiering for years, has gone through

every rank, and is proud that he has earned his commission through work and not through the death of another above him. He has the Tommies' unshaken confidence in Kitchener. "Give 'Kitch' a free hand," he says. "Let him go in, and, by God, I believe he'll go right through." He has one other pet idea—why not employ them Zulus? They're good fighters, and they populate quickly, and have so many wives, according to what he has read, that it would not matter if a good many of them got killed off. What's the use of the White King 'avin' a dog if he won't let him bark? Give 'em white officers and a fair number of non. coms. and they'd be all right. If we could make good fighters out of our Fijis and our Indians, why not out of them? Yes, he was sure the war was going all right. One could not but admire his splendid optimism. He left to go on with his job, and made me free of his tent and anything that was in it.

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The question of transport again arose. It was solved by one man riding the tame horse, and the others getting into two things like water-troughs made of scantling and canvas, and slung high up on either side of a camel. The camel eyed us with a sad superciliousness as he bent himself in sections to the ground. We prepared to mount. Mahomed Ishtak of Ismailia, our camel-driver, let a broad grin overspread his handsome features as we prepared for the next

act. The camel gave a little wriggle in front and then arose suddenly in jerks from behind, depressing our heads and sending our feet in the air. He repeated this performance from the front just as suddenly, and, finally, we found ourselves in a more or less recumbent position, smiling at each other from our troughs across his wooden saddle. Then Mahomed made a strange noise in his throat, and the camel started off at a heaving, swaying gait that boded no good to any man's anatomy. This gait he varied from time to time as the whim took him. Now it was a kind of waltz punctuated with the hop of the polka mazurka at frequent but uncertain intervals. Just as you were becoming used to this, the beast would take it into its head to introduce the short, jerky, bending step of the Argentine tango as performed by an energetic but rather clumsy amateur. One began to study one's own body with a new interest and some solicitude. The pitching motion gave you grave concern about your luncheon on the one hand, and your lumbar region on the other. Especially was this the case if you sat up. In a semi-reclining position, you were in danger of rubbing the skin off certain other parts of your anatomy. Half a mile of experiment in every conceivable attitude led to the conclusion that one could reduce bumping and abrasion to a bearable but still unsatisfactory minimum by lying supine on the bottom of the trough. But, at times when the troughs gave indication of slipping right round the animal, we could not resist the temptation to sit

up again. Then we would note Mahomed's grinning countenance down below—a very long way down it seemed—and listen to his “ quaise keteer ” (it is very good) with mixed feelings of incredulity and contempt. However, in due time, by the grace of the Prophet and the good guidance of Mahomed Ishtak, the camel got us there. We walked back !

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In war in the Near East the water problem is difficult to solve. Having trudged back through the heavy sand, we found that night had come upon us with tropic suddenness. We had the luck to get back to the Canal in a motor-car. There were seven in it, with seats for four, and the road was rough, but the springs held. At the Canal we found a patrol boat awaiting our arrival, and soon we set gaily off upon the final stage of our journey. It came very near to being the last journey for one of us, for, in the darkness, and not hearing his challenge, we were fired upon by a sentry. We saw the flash and heard the crack of the rifle. The bullet whistled between us and splashed in the water just over the side of the boat. The launch was stopped and the skipper shouted back, “ Patrol, patrol,” in a voice loud enough to wake the dead. Late in the day, with a glorious moon now risen, we crossed Lake Timsah. Another ride in a car along a smooth road between an avenue of lubeck trees brought us to our camp after having tried

almost every available means of locomotion except an aeroplane. We had seen the new front and were well content. The Canal was no longer protecting the Army : the Army was protecting the Canal.

THE BLOODING OF THE BATTALION

THEY were the first of a new brigade that had recruited voluntarily in far-away New Zealand. In their own country they had been well trained. In Egypt they had settled down to more training, and to await the second half of the brigade, but in war it is the unexpected that invariably happens, and the First Battalion was suddenly rushed off to the frontier, where the Senusi, urged on by the Germans and the Turks, had been making trouble. The Christmas Day that they thought to enjoy quietly in Cairo was spent miles away in the desert attacking and routing the hostile Arab force. With them were the 15th Sikhs, some of the recently arrived Australian Light Horse, and English Yeomanry—the two latter mounted.

Mersa Matruh, near where the little army fought, is a little port on the north-western frontier of Egypt. There, at the end of November, our smaller frontier posts at Sollum and Sidi Barni had been concentrated in order to avoid possible causes of friction with the tribes. It lies in an arid zone, with desert

sands and barren rocky hills beyond. Near the shore the water is brackish ; inland there are fresh-water wells. The Senusi and the neighbouring tribesmen had been stirred up to open rebellion by the arch-conspirators of Europe, whose wonderful organization, conjoined with a well-lined purse, reached even into distant Persia and the desert lands of Mesopotamia and Africa. Early in December a reconnoitring force from Matruh came upon a band of 300 Arabs, who were attacked and driven westward. Of these thirty-five were killed and seven taken prisoners. The British casualties were sixteen killed and three officers and fifteen men wounded.

The New Zealanders reached Matruh in trawlers and sweepers, which set out from Alexandria. Arrived at their destination they found permanent barracks occupied by an Egyptian garrison. Their first days were spent in fatigues and in making entrenchments on the hill overlooking the station. Wire entanglements were erected, and the position generally was strengthened. The camp was close to the beach. Drinking water had to be brought from Alexandria. Each night a few shots were fired at our outposts by the tribesmen, who used to creep up under cover of the darkness, and one or two of our men were hit. The main body of the Arab force was encamped in a rocky donga some seven miles away to the southward.

On Christmas Day it was decided to attack the position. The attacking force, consisting of the Sikhs and the New Zealanders, left camp at 4 a.m.

and marched for seven miles along a rough road towards the place where the enemy had been spotted by one of our aeroplanes. The guns on the sweepers opened fire, and a mountain battery on shore was also in action. The first shell from the sea hit the top of the hill, and the second went just over it, where the enemy were congregated amongst the rocks and caves. The enemy replied with a field piece firing common shell. Three shells landed on the left of the road, about a hundred yards from the New Zealanders.

Shortly after dawn the Sikhs advanced with splendid dash and fought with great bravery, a New Zealand company reinforcing them. This advance was the signal for a shower of bullets from the Arab snipers, none of whom could be seen. Another section of the New Zealanders was sent to take the donga, where the enemy, with his camels, was supposed to be. They advanced quietly in extended order to within 600 or 700 yards of the position, and opened a heavy fire. The enemy from hidden positions replied, and bullets were flying about, but were doing little damage. Our force then advanced to within 400 yards of the enemy. From this position they could see numbers of them sheltering behind rocks and in caves across the donga, and the order was given to charge down and across it. Led by their officers, the men went at it with dash and enthusiasm. At the bottom of the donga the little force became bunched up somewhat, and there was a regular fusillade of

enemy bullets. In places the side of the donga was steep, and occasionally the men let themselves go and slid down fifty feet at a stretch. In this manner they got within 200 yards of the concealed enemy, and the real fighting began. The Sikhs continued to fight with dash and courage, standing up boldly in the open and firing. They seemed to disdain cover, and their somewhat reckless daring won the admiration of every New Zealander.

Both Sikhs and New Zealanders now began to fall. A lance-corporal fell wounded, and near him a sergeant-major was shot through the head and killed instantly. One man fell wounded in the arm and the chest, and a corporal who went to his assistance was shot through the body while undoing his tunic, and died at once.

Finally, the British force advanced and drove the enemy out of their position at the point of the bayonet, chasing them away behind the wells. We captured several prisoners and camels. A number of women and children were discovered hiding in the caves. The Arabs had cut the throats of some of their wounded camels that they could not get away. Our men counted over 200 dead of the enemy; and our total casualties in killed and wounded, including the Indians, was only some sixty or seventy.

The section of the Australian Light Horse and some of the English Yeomanry made a sweeping movement on the left flank. They lost a few men, and four of the officers were wounded. They

killed several Senusi. With darkness, the enemy having been driven off, the attack ceased, and our men and the Indians marched back to camp singing. The New Zealanders had had a "Merry Christmas," and they thoroughly enjoyed it. A wounded non-com. said, "It was a holiday," with the emphasis on the "was." "As they marched back in the night-time singing," he added, "you could not have wished for a happier crowd."

And thus it was that the new battalion fought its first fight. They have travelled far and fought in other fields since then ; but those who survive will always look back with interest to that Christmas Day and the Blooding of the Battalion on the North-western Frontier.

ST. PAUL'S AND THE ABBEY

AUGUST 4, 1915.

TWELVE thousand miles away, in New Zealand, there is a slate-roofed, ivy-covered college chapel, where, almost a year ago, every seat in chancel and nave was occupied by pupils past or present. The masters in hood and surplice, the choir-boys in their black cassocks, filled the back benches, and in front privates and officers sang for the last time the end-of-term hymn and listened to the farewell sermon. These men were, on the eve of departure, volunteers going without question to succour a land that most of them had never seen.

Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

The notes echoed in the chapel rafters, and from the lectern the hopeful words of the Benediction fell on the bended heads of the men.

Not a year has elapsed, and many of those present that evening are lying in nameless graves among the dwarf oaks of Gallipoli. Yesterday, one of those who had passed through the Valley of the Shadow heard the words of the same hymn sung beneath

the dome of England's greatest Cathedral. They awakened sad memories, but soon the majesty of the scene and service, almost oppressive in ceremonial grandeur, filled mind and eye. Personal loss and pain both were forgotten, and, in their place, came a sense of immeasurable pride and thankfulness, pride in being a citizen of so great an Empire, thankfulness for the steadfast courage of England in her dark days.

To many of these men from overseas the magnificence and solemnity of the ceremony was overwhelming. To them all the pageantry and panoply that pass almost unnoticed in a great Imperial city were strange. The intensity of their patriotism, the fervour of their loyalty, had been fostered by no such outward show. So it was that the splendour of the grand old church, the pealing organ, the angel-voices that soared to the misty roof, the gathering of the greatest in the Empire, formed never-to-be-forgotten impressions that will be handed down as heirlooms. Ignorant of Monarchy, the New Zealander looked almost reverently on the khaki-clad figure of him for whom he had fought, well content with the quiet dignity that gives such confidence.

The National Anthem, which now means so much more than it did a year ago, was sung with thrilling fervour, and its passionate patriotism and loyalty must have in some measure compensated for the anxieties and responsibilities that beset a throne.

Midway through the service, as the Archbishop's

fervent prayer arose, a ray of sunlight flooded the gloom, striking into sudden brightness the ring on his lifted hand. A whisper of good omen was heard as the shadows fled before the sunbeams. God grant that it may be so, and that before long Prince and people may again meet in thanksgiving for a peace which, when we had it, we did not value. Never have the ties of Empire been so close. They are cemented with the life-blood of the Colonies, and the King rules over an undivided dominion—God save the King!

APRIL 25, 1916.

When the weary Crusaders came back from the parched plains of Syria to lay aside for a while their dented shields they rode in grand array. Lances twinkled in the sun, pennons snapped in the breeze, and the esquires riding behind their mailed lords kept eyes aslant to the flag-bedecked scaffolding where a white hand sometimes showed favour. On knight's surtout and steed's caparison the Red Cross proclaimed the right, and keen blades and sharp lances vouched fully for the might.

To-day Londoners saw such another pageant, but a sadder and more sombre, in which the note of triumph was not so dominant. And yet the Templars of old were not inspired with any finer spirit than the knights of this latter-day crusade. Both had upheld the Cross against the Crescent.

They came 12,000 miles to fight their battle. Farmer, clerk, student, and labourer heard the Imperial call, and heard it perhaps more clearly

than their kin "at home." Some made their sacrifice at the landing, and they have slept for a year heedless of the strife around them. Others with better fortune strove through the long months that followed.

And yesterday they marched proudly through the very streets that centuries ago rang to the acclamations of the populace welcoming back the old Crusaders. In the faces of those that watched them pass they saw a reward for all their sacrifices.

There was a sadder procession still. One that made its way more slowly to the Abbey. Here a man with empty sleeve helped a limping comrade to his seat. There one pair of eyes did duty for two. These were they who were unable to march with the others, for their wounds were not yet healed. Some of them were but wrecks of the strong men who left their homes in October two years ago, but all were cheerful in the sense of work well done.

A year ago the first of these men landed on the shore of Gallipoli. It was a fair day, and the blue waters of the *Ægean* showed scarcely a ripple. They landed with battalions 1,000 strong. Death, wounds, and disease took heavy toll as the long days dragged past, and many a man laid his best friend to rest among the stunted oaks, laboriously carving a cross to mark the sad mound.

Hell Spit, Shrapnel Gully, Quinn's and Courtenay's, all have become memories, but memories that haunt waking hours and hours of sleep alike,

memories seared in the brain. To-day in the Abbey these wraiths came back to us, and for a short time our dead lived again. Comrades of the trench and sap passed noiselessly through the aisles gazing wistfully at the kneeling soldiers.

Heads were bowed beneath the frayed banners of ancient fields, and the strong voice of the preacher echoed through the fane, and echoing found response in the hearts of the worshippers. Kneeling with them and with them in heart and thought was their King, whose call summoned these men across the world, and at whose bidding will come many others until the great fight is won.

Many a pageant has the Abbey seen, but never before have three thousand men from the outskirts of Empire worshipped with their King in its storied pile. The service had a climax almost oppressive in its sadness. The Australians and New Zealanders turned their eyes towards the altar as the notes of the National Anthem echoed through the Abbey. They saw there the simple khaki-clad figure of the only man in our Empire who does not stand when the Anthem is sung. And they wondered what he thought. Surely he saw as they did that every man in whose company he worshipped would again be willing to lay down his life to uphold his sovereignty.

The service closed with a quiet almost uncanny, and then the silver-throated trumpets rang out the soldier's saddest notes, the Last Post. I do not know who wrote that call, but, whoever it was, he put into it all the pathos, all the hope of resurrec-

tion, and all the triumph that man knows. It ended, and for a while longer there was silence.

Three thousand men trooped out of the Abbey, but even in so short a time had a change been wrought. Not a man but knew, as he stepped into the warm sunlight again, that he fought for the right. On us all in that half-hour had fallen the mantle of our fathers, whosoe'er they were—baron, priest, or serf. We have inherited this fair land. And for such a heritage will we gladly give our all.

OAK-APPLE DAY

YESTERDAY the statue of King Charles at Chelsea Royal Hospital looked out of a bower of greenery at a scene that would have surprised the amiable original of Gibbons's handiwork if he had been alive.

It was Oak-apple Day, and, as has been the custom for many years past, the effigy of the Royal founder was swathed in oak branches in memory of the occasion on which Charles is supposed to have hid in one of the few hundred oaks in England to which the legend attaches. To the pensioners the day is marked by the fact that the Guards Band plays them past the statue, and there is a large plum pudding given to each inmate. Even these old men have felt the war, and whereas in former times they were wont to get four puddings a year, they now get only two.

The day was a glorious one, and even the oldest and most rheumy warrior was able to come out to sit in the sunshine and hear the old tunes to which he had once marched. Every man there looked happy, but to me it was the saddest place in the world. These old men marched past the Governor,

General Sir Neville Lyttelton, and slowly filed by the statue of the Merry Monarch. If Charles had been looking out from the branches instead of his mere presentiment in metal he would have seen the pathos of the scene. There was one fact above all others that made the sight a sad one and it was this. These old soldiers did not march past to the jaunty quick-step of their more active days, for old limbs and stiffening joints do not permit of undue hurry. They have reached the stage when they do not hurry even for parade, and the slow time of a waltz is sufficiently fast for their needs. It was to a waltz that they marched past! And then when they had been inspected by the Governor they gave three cheers for King Charles, their benefactor. They were not the proverbial ringing cheers of the British soldier. After sixty years and more the vocal chords do not respond so readily to the call for three cheers, and more than one pensioner found that he was left coughing after the effort.

There was an interesting group sitting in one corner of the centre quadrangle and the conversation was as interesting as the men who were talking. There were four soldiers there and all were veterans, but there was forty years between their ages and their campaigns. Two of them had got their honourable wounds in the Crimea and the other two at Gallipoli. The two old heads under the tricorne caps wagged wisely as tales of Anzac were unfolded. The pensioners knew the Turk, and they agreed with the men who had seen him "at home"

forty years later in saying that he fought fair. Tales of the bitter Black Sea winter found their exact parallel when one of the New Zealanders told of the terrible storm that raged over Anzac and all the Ægean. But for the fact that it was a young voice that was speaking one would never have known that it was not still the pensioner narrating his experiences of the winter of 1855.

It was a wonderful little group, symbolical of all that Empire stands for, and when the old men rose to go indoors and the young one-armed soldier from the Antipodes helped them up the steps to the cloisters the symbolism was carried further still. The colouring alone would have justified the attention of a painter. The young men, in their blue hospital kit, the old men in scarlet, the faces of the Anzacs bronzed by exposure to the winds and sun of the Gallipoli Peninsula, and the pallor of old age of the Crimean veterans, all made such a contrast as Herkomer would have delighted to paint. In the chapel two more New Zealanders were being shown the banners that were carried before some of the finest troops the world has ever known. They looked at them reverently, for they knew—none better—all the suffering that they stood for. The old man thought of comrades left in shallow graves when the ground was too hard with frost to dig deep, and the younger men recalled the still forms that were put overside from the hospital ships in the Ægean, or buried in their blankets in Shrapnel Gully.

The band outside in the sunshine changed its refrain, and a rattling of side-drums heralded in the best of all marching tunes, "The British Grenadiers," and the pensioner sighed softly as he thought of the time when he had been called from his regiment by the Commander-in-Chief and publicly decorated for an act of valour that had won him the most coveted honour that a soldier may win. The march stopped with the same rolling of drums with which it began, and then, as the strains of the National Anthem followed, the trio in the chapel stiffened to attention. Again it was symbolical. Here was one of England's oldest warriors, and beside him two of her youngest. No one has painted the picture, but let us hope that it will last for all time and that the call will always be answered from overseas. As the younger men stood beside the old soldier, who had long ago laid away his sabre, so will the young Dominions stand beside the land that gave them birth.

THE MAN WITH THE FEARLESS EYES

MY sister, Lady Beverly Brooke, has a new hobby. She has just given up Buddhism. The coffee-coloured high priest who held seances and hands in her drawing-room became acquisitive and forgot that the tenets of his religion only bade him acquire merit. He acquired some of her best old silver, and when he was found leaving the house with a cloisonné vase beneath his ample robes she decided that Buddhism did not quite supply the meditative influence that she desired. Her new recreation is taking out wounded colonial soldiers. She visits the various hospitals and insists that she shall be allowed to take out the wildest and wooliest men from the back-blocks that happen to be in at the moment.

I went with her on Saturday last. We saw the matron at the first hospital we called at, and she was sorry, but there were only tame and sophisticated men in her wards, so we went elsewhere. At last we found a place where there was a man who had never been loose in London except on his way

from Victoria in a motor ambulance. It seemed too good to be true and my sister was sceptical. "Are you sure that he is just what I want and really new to towns?" she asked. "I want one of those fine rugged men who have lived close to nature all their lives and are unspoiled by the contamination of modern society. I want to take him round London and listen to his appreciation of all its wonders." The matron assured her that the man was just like that and went to bring him down. She went down the corridor, and presently we saw her talking to a man in uniform. "That is the man," said Evelyn excitedly. "Look at his weather-tanned face and his easy walk. That comes from tramping the open spaces. Isn't he wonderful?" Then the matron came back to tell us that the man would be down in a minute. "How splendid he looks!" said Evelyn enthusiastically. "Who?" asked the matron. "Why, that great strong colonial boy," said Evelyn. "That's not a colonial," said the matron, "that's Mr. Smith, of Harley Street, the great aurist. He comes here twice a week." Then Evelyn started to talk rapidly of the flower show and the last Zeppelin raid. Presently our man did come downstairs. I must say I was disappointed, but Evelyn was quite satisfied. As he was getting his pass she whispered to me to notice his fearless blue eye. This she also attributed to living in the open spaces. She also drew attention to his firm mouth, which she said was formed as the result of dealing with

nature's moods, probably with the arduous difficulties of the trail to the gold mines, and the strenuous and thrilling work of the round up of the cattle on the great prairies.

We took him to Kensington Gardens first. He was shy and did not talk very much. Presently he asked if he could smoke and Evelyn had the chance she had been waiting for. She presented him with a twist of the darkest tobacco I have ever seen and a new corn cob pipe! He seemed a little taken aback, but she would not be gainsaid. "I know you men from the ranches smoke this sort of tobacco," she said, "and you would not look at all at home with an ordinary pipe." He took the pipe and filled it and for a time he smoked in silence. "I do wish he would spit," whispered Evelyn to me, "I am sure he wants to." If he did he was too polite to do it and she was disappointed. Presently we came to the statue of Peter Pan. "That," said Evelyn, "is Barrie's Peter Pan." Then the big New Zealander spoke. "I didn't know Barry had any kids," he said, "but he's a fine sculler. Saw him row against Arnst on the Wanganui once."

Evelyn was evidently at a loss, so I explained matters. "It's not the Barrie who rows," I said. "It's the novelist." "Oh!" said the New Zealander.

We went past the Round Pond and along a shaded walk. Presently I saw the New Zealander, who had got slightly ahead, crouched close to the ground, every muscle tense, like a leopard about to

spring. I thought he was ill and ran to him. "Shhh," he whispered. "Keep quiet. Can't you see it?" I said I could see nothing out of the ordinary. "It's a rabbit," he hissed. Then he crawled nearer and I picked out a very surprised bunny peering through the bushes at us. Such things were new to the sophisticated park rabbit and with two blasé hops he dived into a burrow. "Run and get the boss," said the man, now more excited than ever, "I've got his burrow marked down." "There is no boss here," I said placatingly. "Then get the man who owns this place," he said. "The King owns it," I explained. At last I persuaded him to get up, but he was still far from happy. "Hasn't he got a rabbiter?" he asked. "Doesn't he know there are rabbits in this paddock?" "Isn't he too delicious," cooed Evelyn, "and so colonial. Just fancy a Rabbiter-in-Ordinary to the King. Who could we give the position to? It would be just like another Chancellorate of the Duchy."

By this time I was near a state of collapse, but Evelyn was as a ticket office man who has been given half a sovereign for a sixpence and about as willing to give up her find. He calmed down a bit, but when we got to the Row he surveyed a squadron of women in the latest divided skirts with great wonder. "Where's the circus?" he said seriously and in a loud aside as one lady in neat riding breeches walked her horse past close to the railings. Near Albert Gate we met Lady Broke

with the Duchesse de Cri Nisi. Of course Evelyn took her Tommy up to show him off. He chummed up directly with Lady Broke. "Do you know the King?" he asked. "Well, I have met him," she said mystified. "Well," he said, "you tell him from me that he has rabbits in that big paddock back there."

We got him away at last, but not before Angela Broke had been made to promise that she would write the King a note or "Perhaps call round on Sunday and tell him he had rabbits."

All this was six days ago. Last night I went to Betty Holloway's to a small dance. It was very hot and rather crowded, so I sat down in the smoking-room and amused myself watching the dancing through the open door. Opposite me was a youth of elegant appearance. He was large and handsome, with a tanned face and blue eyes. His dress suit was faultless and looked like one of those garments that never seem to appear except on tailors' advertisements. Languidly he poured himself a whisky and soda, fitted a cigarette to a six-inch amber tube, and then winked solemnly at me. "Did Lady Broke give my message to the King about the rabbits?" he asked. Then I remembered him. "But," I gasped, "you aren't, you can't be, it's too absurd." "Don't you wish I would spit?" he said in a stage whisper. As he went off to join his next partner he stopped for a moment. "I am sorry," he said, "but I couldn't resist it. We had a great afternoon, didn't we?"

Then I sought out Betty. "Who is that young New Zealander?" I asked. "Oh he's not really a New Zealander at all," she said; "he just happened to be in New Zealand when war broke out. He was deer stalking with his uncle, dear Lord Bowinda, and he joined up as a private."

"Can I use your telephone?" I asked.

"Is anything wrong?"

"Oh no," I reassured her, "I've some news for Evelyn."

LONDON GHOSTS

AS the devout Arab goes to Mecca, so have I come to London. I have come to pay homage to a city and to the ghosts of the past that people it. Far off, on the underneath part of the globe, I dreamed of London, and my dreams were queer ones. My picture was a conglomerate of Dickens and Pepys, of the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*. Added to this was the stalwart figure of a London policeman. In the background a Phil May coster girl's ostrich feathers waved coquettishly.

And now I have seen London, and I have spent months in the vain attempt to sort out and pigeon-hole impressions that crowd each other so close that they serve me little better than my far-away conception gleaned from Pepys and Dickens.

I came to London on a dull day, with the spires and domes showing up uncertainly through the soft rain. I passed through Whitehall and Westminster, and I looked out at the sooted, grimy Palace and the great Abbey, feeling that somehow none of it was new to me. Later I visited these places again, and my first thoughts were confirmed for me. You here

in England do not know all the world of meaning in the word heredity. It seems to you almost inconceivable that a man can come from a small Oversea Dominion to this great city and fit automatically into the places his forefathers filled. But it is so.

I had thought to see St. Paul's great pile gleaming in the sun in all the splendour of white stonework and masonry. Instead I saw it through a mist, and it was befouled and sooted and grimed from smoke and fogs. Then I knew that therein lay its beauty. Wren had no hand in all this. One doubts whether he foresaw it, but in those great stone columns and massive cornices the dirt and smoke of centuries have worked a miracle of light and shade. Reliefs are made to stand out amazingly, the great flat walls are softened and marbled in greys and blacks. In places, in striking contrast, the rain has washed the stones and kept them white.

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If you live in a country that to the white man is but fifty years old, and then come suddenly to a city where you find the dust of ages, it oppresses you. It seems wonderful to think that you can touch an altar rail that was set in the stone floor six centuries ago; that you can kneel at a shrine where the Templars prayed; can walk on a terrace where Raleigh smoked tobacco from his own Virginia. I have seen the tombs of the Kings at Thebes, the great pyramids of Gizeh, the mosque of Sultan Hassan—all these go back to ages in which London was perhaps unthought of. And that is precisely

where they lose all their impressiveness. So old are they that one cannot people them with the men and women who lived at their building. Here it is different. It is not a great Abbey that you marvel at. It is the thought that you can re-people it in any age to suit yourself. Here are fretted archways, flying buttresses, lofty spires, all of them things of beauty in themselves, but think of them in the making ! Think of the raw stone for the arch under the chisel of the carver, and the spire still masked in scaffolding to which figures in mediaeval costume carry these carven blocks to set them in their places. Think of Westminster with its tonsured monks and its gowned novices. Think of that high window in Whitehall on that day when a King stepped from it to the scaffold above the silent, awed crowds. Always it is the same. In Holyrood, in Edinburgh, a little wainscoted room would have no meaning to the man who did not know the story of Rizzio. When that is told the past returns. It is the same in London. What matters if you watch the twopences ticking up on a taxi clock as you go to the Tower ? When you uncover as you enter St. John's Chapel all that is blotted out by the mist of years, and you see in the half-light the kneeling figure of the Conqueror, in mail and white surtout, praying for this realm. And the accents of others in the Chapel seem to be the voices of the Norman priests droning their credos and their paters. Almost one smells the incense from swinging censers.

The sound of mellow bells steals through the

narrow windows, and outside you hear the footsteps of armed men, the stamp of caparisoned war-horses as the Conqueror's knights gather to offer thanks for past victory or pray for the success of fresh ventures. What does it matter that the benches are unoccupied and the altar is bare of vessels of silver and gold? In the still hours of the night all these ghosts return, and there is the slow chant of voices, the splash of holy water as the stone stoop is filled, the rustle of the vellum leaves of the ponderous missals, the tinkle of coins into the alms boxes.

This is London, a city of ghosts that will stay for all time.

MEN OF THE GLEN

THERE is a kindly wind blowing from over the loch. It comes stealing down from the slopes of Ben Donich, ruffles the still water in frosted patches, and creeps through the castle policies, telling the great oaks something that keeps them whispering all the morn. The little town seems sleeping. The splash of the brown waters over the weir beneath the castle bridge fills the ears. A heron stands motionless in the shallow water, surfeited with the full meal he has just finished. Then from the direction of the town there comes the sound of a drum. If we draw nearer we will see why it is that the loch-side is deserted. In the church square some 200 kilted lads are saying a farewell to their sisters and mothers and other peoples' sisters and mothers, for they are marching to the wars, as their forefathers have done before them from time immemorial.

This little hamlet has sent men to every war that Britain has engaged in, and no matter how far back you go, every onfall, siege, leaguer, every brawl between nations has seen Mac-Caillein Mor's men well in the forefront of battle. And so it is that

these men have left the loch-side and the brae, have left the fishing boat on the beach, and the sheep without a shepherd.

The last good-byes are being said, and a girl with eyes as blue as the waters of the loch on a summer's day, calls to her brother, a tall piper. "See and no forget to pipe to they Germans," she says, "and look after Sandy for me. I'm feared he'll be led away by yon French lassies." A corporal answers her, "I'll look after mysel' fine," and he kisses the girl and rejoins his ranks.

The officer in charge of the company gives a warning, and the men hoist their web slings over their shoulders. The pipers form up in front of the column, and as they move off they toss the drone and the stocs of the pipes on to the hollow of their shoulders. There is a chorus of farewells broken into by the wheeze of the filling bags and the buzz of the great drones. The drum beats on the setting down of each left foot, and away they go with cap ribbons fluttering in the breeze, sporrans a-swing to the step. The drum rolls and the glen is wakened as it has been many times in the past with the lift of one of the finest marches that ever burst from the chanter, "Baile Ionaraora" it is, better known to you as "The Campbells are Coming." Round the town front and past the old inn and the great stone-arched gates, to the castle walls where the pipers change their tune to the salute, "Failte 'Mharcuis." By the burying ground they step out to the march once more, and until they are over the humpbacked

bridge the tune continues. It stops with a sad little gasp as the bags deflate and are tucked under each oxter with the stoc ribbons to the fore, fluttering their dark blue, yellow-striped tartan ribbons.

Suddenly a man in the front four breaks into song. His clear voice echoes back to the listening women by the inn :—

The Rover o' Lochryan, he's gane
 Wi' his merry men sae brave ;
 Their hearts are o' steel, an' a better keel
 Ne'er bowl'd owre the back o' a wave.
 It's no when the loch lies dead in its trough,
 When naething disturbs it ava,
 But the rack and the ride o' the restless tide,
 An' the splash o' the grey sea-maw.

Under the shadow of the hill the wind steals the song and carries it away and up the glen, but as the road crosses a tongue that juts into the lake it is still borne faintly down to the listening women.

We dash through the drift and sing to the lift
 O' the wave that heaves us on.

From the crags under the beacon it is repeated wistfully, "The wave that heaves us on." The light goes and the lamps are lit in the cottages along the front. The tall girl who was anxious about Sandy is the last to leave. She shades her eyes with her hand and looks again, listening the while, and down the winding waters, "the trough o' the loch," there comes the ghost of a melody. But the wind is fickle and it stays but a moment. The girl

turns and goes into a cottage near at hand. "You'll no' be wantin' the light yet a while, mither," she says, and the old woman agrees.

* * * * *

The seasons have changed the leaves in the glen as the yellow St. John's wort changes the wool for the tartan of the Lachlans. There are no young men left in the town. There are but old men and women and the sturdy youngsters fretting that they might too be allowed to go to the wars. The blue-eyed girl waits on the jetty for a steamer that is as yet ten miles down the loch. She knows this, but she must wait here. At last a puff of smoke heralds the approach of the little boat that soon afterwards creeps round the promontory. As it ties up at the jetty the girl sees two kilted figures on the deck. She sees them through a mist of tears, for one man, her brother, has an empty sleeve. And yet he is the luckier of the two, for he helps the other man to the gangway, putting his hands on the side rails. "Twa steps, Sandy," he warns him, but the blind man is safe at last, and softer hands have helped him on to the quay.

"I didna' see much o' they French lassies, Alison," says he bravely, "for it was dark when they took us through to the front, and when I came back it was dark, too, leastways it was for me." "Oh, Sandy, Sandy," cries the girl, and Sandy knows that the splash of wet on his hand is not from the rain that has been threatening for the last hour. So these three go up the little street to the cottage where a

very old lady meets them. "Come ben the hoose, and we'll just have prayers," is all she says when she has stepped from the one-armed embrace of her son. And the four of them kneel and offer thanks.

Put the scene back a hundred years to the "Forty-five" or back further still, and there is nothing new in it. Think it out for yourself, and ask what it is that brings these men of the heather and the glen to fight for England. They have been treated as outlaws, hunted and slain. Their dress and their music were forbidden them, their very language was proscribed so that it was a crime to speak it. And yet—and yet the music of the piob-mhor echoes over the fields of Flanders and the deserts of Egypt, through the ruined colonnades of Grecian temples, and is even heard in the African jungle.

THE HOME OF MY FATHERS

THERE comes a stage in convalescence when a man gets wilful and can stay still no longer. And so, not heeding the doctor, I set off for Scotland and found myself in due course at the little village of Tarbet that fronts Ben Lomond on the other side of the loch.

There I found great pleasure in the stern hills and the curving beaches, but I wanted something more. I had come from the Antipodes to the home of my fathers, and I wanted to find out for myself what it was in this place that always tugs at the heart strings of the Scot be he never so far away. Apart from reading, all I knew of Scotland I had learnt from my grandfather, a Scot of Scots, who only spoke English because the Sassenachs amongst whom he had settled did not understand the tongue of the Highlands.

Something of this I told to a chance acquaintance, and he prescribed, "Walk from here to Loch Long and over the Pass of Glencroe to Inveraray. Take your time and avoid the trains. They spoil the Highlands." "I will," I said, and I did.

I left Loch Lomond behind me and walked at my ease over the brae to Arrochar and so round the silver waters of Loch Long, where once the Vikings had sailed their ships before the fight at Largs saw them sent their ways. The road winds dusty white round the shore to the Pass of Glencroe, and up through the pines to the saddle of the hills at Rest and Be Thankful. I rose above the burn that became as a winding glinting thread below, until I overtook an old crone, bent as a wind-warped tree-trunk. We walked together silently to the Rest and sat to take breath amongst the sweet heather. The climb had been hard to the old dame, but she suddenly asked me a question when her lungs had rested themselves. At least I was in two minds whether it was a question or a statement of fact. "You'll not be from these parts?" she said abruptly. I told her that I came from the other side of the world, and that this was my first pilgrimage to this country. "Aye," she said, "I ken that fine, but your fathers were here and this is as much your country as it was theirs. Look down the glen there and tell me whether it's new to you."

* * * * *

So I looked, and as I did so the purple mists of the early spring evening gathered and massed, and the strip of white that was the stream faded away for a while. It cleared again, and I saw that the road had become narrow. It was no more broad and white, but a rough path that skirted the great

boulders and climbed short steep faces with varying grades. Far down below me the peat reek curled lazily upwards in wreaths and rings until I could smell its sweet savour in the clear air. At the door of the shieling from whence the smoke came there was a splash of colour, brilliant red even in the subdued light, and it came to me suddenly that I was there to watch the men who wore those red jackets. So I lay very close to the ground with my head low in the heather and my bonnet in my hand. From high above me there came the soft cry of the mating whaup, three times repeated, and I answered it with the same notes twice. I thought it not strange that as I lay I should pull my sporran from under me and find in it a wad of oaten bannock and a lump of white crowdy wrapped in a cabbage leaf. I munched hungrily, always with one eye lifted for the redcoats at the cottage door. Presently the red splay became a straight line which then curved as it wound up the hill. I gave the whaup's cry again, and for answer there came a rustling of the heather at my side as a bearded face and a shock of red hair came level with my shoulder.

I greeted the new-comer in the Gaelic, nor thought it strange, though I had never known the tongue, nor, indeed, had my father, unless one take account of the few words that any one would glean from mere listening. The red fellow gave my name in the Gaelic, and we talked in whispers in that speech, and all the time the red ribbon wound farther up the mountain-side until at last it ceased to be a ribbon

at all, and we could count the ten men who toiled under their knapsacks, led by an officer, who walked alone. How hot the captain looked, although he carried nothing but a light sword ! I wondered at this, for I had come the same gait many a time, and never so much as a bead of sweat had come to my brow. Now they were below us, and I leaned out and over the heather tuft that I might see the better. As I did a stone rolled from beneath my foot and crashed through the stems towards the men below. My companion leapt like a deer and ran upwards, bent double to keep below the musket balls that whipped the branches from the twigs on either side of him. I saw his drab hosen and bare knees go flitting over the brae-top, and I bethought me that perhaps it were better if I ran too, for the leading four of the soldiers was a bare ten yards below me climbing fast for all their accoutrements. Picking up a stone I threw it with all my might, thanking my father the while that he had skilled me in such games. I saw it hurtle through the air and strike a man's face, which became on the instant redder than his coat, but without any of the shape that a man's face should have. Then I lifted my brogues and footed it up the hill-side, the wind fanning my face with the speed I ran at. From behind again came the sputter of musket shots, and I felt as though a hand of steel had torn the calf from my leg and had smote me full in the ribs. I ran on and ever upwards, and at last the sound of the voices grew fainter. Where the heather was thickest I

found two great stones propped together with a hollow between. I pushed myself in feet first, and next I woke to see the wan dawnlight coming over the hills. I tried to pull myself from the cranny, but it hurt me sorely, and I stopped.

* * * * *

And the mists came down in the Pass of Glencroe again, and there was the road broad and white, no longer a path. There was no smoking chimney below for the cottage was roofless. There were no redcoats either. The only thing left me was a stabbing pain in the side and in the leg, but I knew that was from a wound that I got at Gallipoli in April last year.

"I have been sleeping," I said to the old woman who still sat by me, "and dreaming, too." "Maybe, maybe," she said, "but they were nae your ain dreams. Come you with me."

She led me over the hill and up away from the road past two great stones with a hollow between them such as a man might hide in. We went on, and there on the lonely hill-side was a graveyard with a score of stones set all agley, with the moss so thick on them that it was not easy to read the lettering. She led me to one of them and rubbed the green from the inscription, and I found myself staring at my own name. I read plainly, "To the memory of Alexander Ross, who was shotte hardbye this place by soldiers of the English, but who lived seven months afterward, although he carried his

wound to the grave and his hate with it. Decem : 15, 17—.” That was all.

“ And what might your name be, now ? ” asked the old woman. I told her shortly, for the thing amazed me. “ There were lots of your folk here at one time, although they did not properly belong to these parts. They buried here, and they say that yon cottage has had nae a roof tae it this long syne, for the soldiers burnt it at the time they shot this same Alexander, who lived there then. It may be true. I ken there was folk of your name hereaway when this road was but a wee bit path through the heather.”

And so saying she hobbled slowly down the far side of the hill. As for me, I sat by the old stones until the evening shadows fell across the hill-tops and the valley was hid in mist.

“ TIPIRERE ”

IN the green lanes of France you may meet at any time with men of different colours. There are black men marching there, brown men, and bronze, beside all the English and French soldiery. A while ago a long column swung along the road to the tune of a melody sung in time to the marching feet. The tune you would know, but the words would be new to you, or at least seem so.

*He roa te wa ki Tipirere,
He tino mamao,
He roa te wa ki Tipirere,
Ki taku kotiro,
E noho pikatiri,
Hei kona rehita koea,
He mamao rawa Tipirere
Ka tae ahua.*

It is an old friend in new guise, and the last word of the first line will tell you that it is none other than “ Tipperary.” But what is the tongue that it is sung in and what of the men that sing it ?

On the under side of the world there is a land where the trees never turn yellow. Where the summer is a fair division of the ^{year} with a month

and a half thrown in for good measure. It is a land of big spaces, full, broad rivers, and turquoise lakes. In the south there are great mountains with their peaks clothed in perpetual snow and their glaciers moving towards the sun-bathed plains. In the interior there lived a race of chivalrous warriors who fought a great fight against British troops. Now New Zealand is as British as Sussex, and the spirit of the dark-skinned fighters who took up arms against the redcoats has come to France in the Maori contingent.

When Britain first declared war there was an immediate response from the Dominions and the Maoris asked that they should be allowed to fight for their King with their "pakeha" (whitemen) brothers. At first there were obvious difficulties, and it was not for some time that the Government was able to accede to their request. Then there came a time when there was great rejoicing in the Maori *pas*, and the young men flocked to the recruiting offices, as became the sons of a fighting race. It was disgrace to be hoeing the "kumara" beds when the manhood of England was needing respite from the battle. They would go over the sea to help the King and the Empire, and so they came, first to Gallipoli and then to France.

They are children in spirit, and their pleasures have always been of their own devising. They had no written language, but they handed down by oral tradition the most complex genealogical trees and their own detailed and picturesque folklore. There

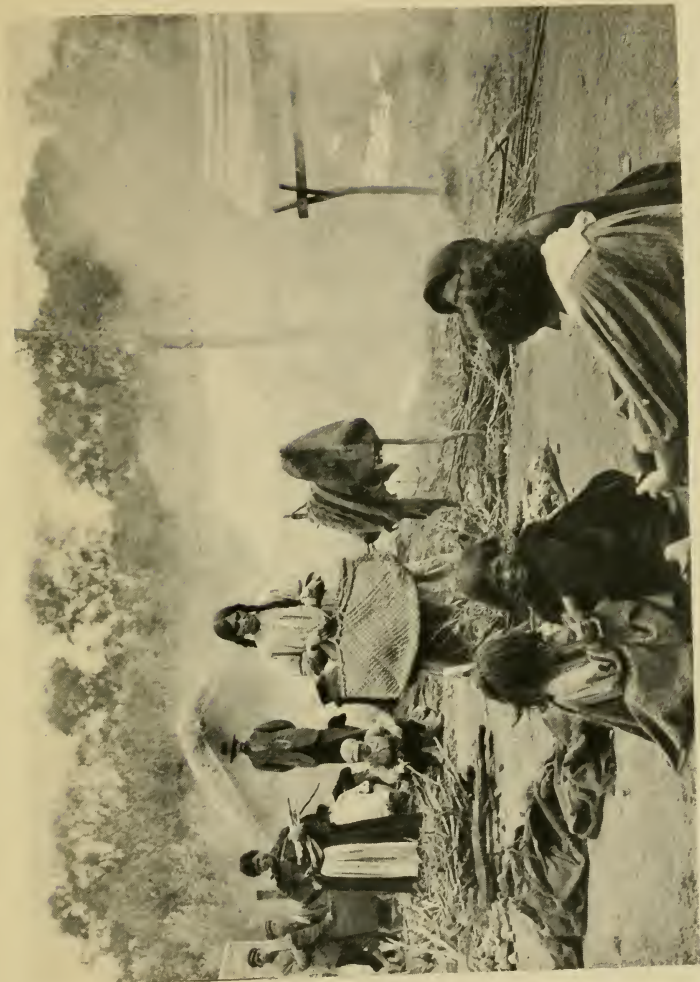
is another side to them that has been evidenced as the result of the civilization that we have taken them, but that is not the side we are interested in.

When the war came to New Zealand it found one Maori boy dwelling beside the waters of Lake Taupo. He was happy as he could be and not overworked. He had been taught English by the Catholic priest of Waihi, and he could read the papers slowly, but sufficiently well to tell that here was a great adventure offered him. He sat in the “*whare*” one night reading from the cables how the Germans had thrown our Army back from Mons. He did not know where Mons was, but he knew that men were wanted. He asked if he could go to fight, but was told that it was not a war for the Maori. Then at last came his chance. He took his younger brother out to the potato paddock and gave him detailed instructions as to what he was to do if the kumaras were by any chance ready for digging before he came back from settling the King’s affairs. He shook hands solemnly with his grandfather and performed the “*hongi*,” rubbing his own flat nose on the tattooed face of the old man. He shouldered his bundle and walked away past the hot springs, through the manuka scrub with its sweet-smelling flowers until he struck the coach road under Maunganamu, the little pocket edition of a volcano with its dead crater filled with foxgloves.

He walked to Waiouru, and then he took a train. In ten days he was wearing a khaki jacket and a helmet, and doing tedious drill on a hard-trodden

square. Then, after the allotted space of training he was embarked with his fellows, all of his own race, and the long journey to Egypt commenced. Arrived at Gallipoli he got his first taste of fighting, and heredity came uppermost. Disregarding all that an impressive sergeant-major had drummed into his head, he forgot that a bayonet was for use at close quarters. He was sent with the other Maoris on a little piece of work that demanded much steadiness and the utmost quiet. They crept along the *dere* to attack the Turk. It was to be a surprise attack, and the rifles were not to be fired. It was a surprise, and Honé went into the thick of the *mêlée* with his rifle clubbed like the "*tiaha*" or the "*teko-teko*" of his forbears. It was hard work, but orders were obeyed, and there were at first no noises but the sound of hard breathing, and the thud of the rifle stocks and the cries of the wounded. Their object was achieved, and that night, under the frowning heights of Chunuk Bair, they sat and talked in their own tongue of the glories of that half-hour.

Then they came to France, and we find them swinging along between the high poplars to the tune of "Tipperary" sung sweetly in their soft voices and with the perfect time that all Polynesian races are able to put into their music. Honé came, too, and here he is at the head of the column with two stripes on his sleeve. As he marches he wishes wistfully that his old grandfather and little Hori, his brother, could see him now and could have heard the cheers that greeted them in the streets of the first



THE STEAM FROM THE HOT POOLS IN THE TI-TREE.

French town they passed through. Once more he was in the thick of things, but this time he did not march back to the bivouac. A stretcher carried him to the waiting motor ambulance and he was hurried to the hospital, where a surgeon shook his head sadly over him.

He lay there for two days, but his spirit was already half round the world to the quiet lake-side where the white sand is washed by waters as blue as the clear sky. He thought himself back at Taupo sitting under the shade of the manuka bushes. The steam from the hot pools in the ti-tree was wafted across the water and the boiling mud geysers chuckled and gurgled like goblins as he told his brother and the old man of how he had fought the Turk and the Germans.

The nurse at the other end of the ward was suddenly conscious of soft singing, and as she came along the passage-way between the beds she heard that the voice was Honé's. She, too, knew the tune, but the words were strange to her. *He roa te waki Tipirere, he tino mamao*, he sang. And then as the little boiling pools chuckled and laughed softly and the note of a distant bell-bird came across the arm of the lake from Waitahanui he closed his eyes and his spirit went to the place where all good warriors go.

THE NEW TREK

OUR camp was in the desert, "somewhere in Egypt." It was at a most interesting spot—troops moving about; aeroplanes flying at great speed overhead; the ugly sausage-shaped balloon swinging leisurely in the blue; and ships, great and small, passing to and fro along the Canal. Occasionally the distant cough of a howitzer, registering, awoke memories of Gallipoli. But there was no sound of any answering gun. All that was by day. At night it was still interesting but much quieter. The chuff! chuff! chuff! of a pumping engine sending water into the tanks far out in the desert lulled us to sleep. Save for this chuffing monotone, the occasional "Halt! who goes there?" of a sentry, the answering call of "Friend," and the final response of "Pass friend, all's well," silence reigned in our camp.

The northern constellations shone gloriously in a blackness that was intense, and Venus, with attendant Jupiter, dipping toward the dim Mokattam hills, blazed brilliantly. On other nights the great bright moon of the dry Egyptian skies challenged

the radiance of the evening star, and flooded the scene with golden light. From far up the Canal came the steely glare of the searchlights throwing the sandy undulations into high relief and turning some solitary soldier on the bank into silhouette. Those were days and nights to be remembered.

At times, from the bigger camp across the Canal, came the sound of music and the roll of the drum, indicating that some regiment was moving off. Following the music of the band faint cheering could be heard, and the stirring strains of the National Anthem. These were the distant sounds of farewell ceremonies, for the Force now knew that it had done with the desert, and was to leave for fresh fields and new adventures, mayhap to strike a blow for Mother England and for France. As one regiment moved out, another moved in,—a kind of general post. Sometimes, just as dawn was coming up, rosy-fingered, over the rim of the desert, we could hear the band playing, and presently a regiment would come swinging down the dusty road. They had started out on the new trek—to France !

From now on there was a continual marching and counter-marching of troops. The long pontoon bridge that the Australian engineers had built across the Canal at Lake Timsah creaked and swayed under the tramp of marching men and camels and horses and the rumbling of guns and transport wagons. On the Ferry, with its hand winches and rattling chains, more men and camels and horses passed from shore to shore. Day after

day the marching went on, the first of the Australians coming out, the New Zealanders coming in to the desert trenches. Then the New Zealanders—splendidly fit with their hard training—marched out. Later still came the Maoris, with their free swinging stride—born soldiers. Across the Canal it was a case of welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

Gallipoli, where our fallen lay thickly huddled in the little cemeteries, and along the lines of trench and charge, and where the still-clothed skeletons of our unburied dotted the slopes and hollows of what was No-Man's Land, was behind us for ever, and, though there were many sad memories, there were no vain regrets. The Turk, in war, had proved himself a gentleman, and as he was not the real enemy we were quite content to leave him to others. In fresh fields we might prove our prowess anew. There was an expectant eagerness amongst the troops as they set out, at last, to grapple with the real enemy—on the fields of France and Flanders !

A long-distance telephone message in the night-time was our warning, at short notice, to report for embarkation at Alexandria. Arrived there we found, at one of the many quays, a big, black-painted Atlantic liner already half-filled with troops. A thousand men were waiting, with their packs and rifles, ready to embark. A crowd of avaricious Arabs fought for the privilege of carrying our baggage. On board, the tired men were lying about the decks or searching for their billets. Every

second man seemed to be sucking an orange, and the decks were strewn with the discarded peelings. The ship's cranes were busy with the heavier cases of Army Corps stationery, and the many other things that an Army Corps Head-quarters needs. Quietly and methodically the embarkation proceeded—the embarkation of some three thousand men—and towards evening a tug came alongside and pulled the nose of our ship round as she headed for an anchorage. White, lateen-sailed boats were gracefully skimming about the harbour, and here and there a motor-launch threaded her way through the dance. All that night we lay at anchor, waiting, with the steady slow pulse of the pumps beating. The pause gave the three thousand men time to shake down. Perhaps it also enabled us to get through a danger zone under cover of the next night.

In the smoking-room old "Anzacs" met and talked of other days. There were many here who had been in the thick of it. The men chatted in groups and whistled and sang "Australia Will be There." In the evening the General came on board. After dinner the officers settled down to books and magazines, and a quartet, forgetting war for the moment, to a quiet rubber of Bridge.

Next morning there was more stir on board—the sound of bugles blown, commands from non-coms and orders from ship's officers breaking in upon the hum of conversation that arose from thousands of talkative soldiers. The harbour was crowded with

shipping. From time immemorial Alexandria had never been so busy. Some one had said that there was more shipping in the harbour during the past week or two than in any other harbour in the world. While doubting this, one could not but stand amazed at the amount of tonnage. Amongst the stately steamers that crowded the port one recognized old friends. "That's the old thing we went down to Gallipoli in," said a War Correspondent gazing seaward over the rail. She was swinging at her anchor awaiting her turn to take another load to the new sphere of action.

In the smoking-room some officers were writing letters to wives or relatives or friends—letters that perhaps might never be delivered. Already the deadly submarine had accounted for one of our big ships. Luckily she had discharged her load, and so there was little loss of life. Nearly all the crew had come safely to Malta. She was simply one more vessel at the bottom of the Mediterranean, and some other ship would take her place to carry the overseas Armada on—to France! On our port bow, near at hand, another trooper lifted her anchor and swung round, like a graceful lady in a ballroom, to make her exit through the gateway of the inner harbour. She, too, was crowded with troops for France. Many others followed.

From the feet of the great mountains of Maoriland and the sun-baked plains of Australia to our new zone was a far cry, and already we had made history on the way. The stirring scenes—a wondrous

succession of pictures—passed now with cinematographic rapidity before the mind's eye—the first capture of German territory by ever-ready New Zealand; the taking of German New Guinea by Australia; the assembling of the great Armada at Albany; the long trek across the seas; the destruction of the Emden; the hard training on the heavy scorching sands of Egypt; the fight on the Canal; the assembling of the still greater Armada at historic Lemnos; the landing at Anzac; the slaughter of the oncoming Turkish horde in May; the taking of Lone Pine; the charge of the Light Horse at the Nek; the storming of Chunuk Bair by the New Zealanders in August; the winter blizzards of the Ægean; the marvellous evacuation; Egypt and the Canal and the desert again. That was the end of the first film.

And now this new venture. Another film is being threaded on the machine. Will it be as startlingly dramatic as the old? No one can tell, but we who have seen something of the stress and strain of Gallipoli will await it with a calm confidence amidst the clash and rattle of the roaring loom of war in the new country whither we are bound.

HOW THE ANZACS CAME TO FRANCE

BY the grace of God, the might of the British and the Allied Fleets and the splendid energy and courage of the Mercantile Marine our Antipodean Army has once again been transported across the seas. This is its fourth great move by water. It has come from the land of perpetual sunshine to a country of grey, humid skies—from the arid sands of Egypt to the canals, the budding forests, and the well-tilled fields of France. The gloom of a late season is brightened by occasional days of clear sunshine, and the promise of a glorious spring is in the crisp air. New scenes and new interests await us at every turn.

In these days of frightfulness it is a tremendous undertaking to transport an army across a few thousand miles of sea infested with enemy submarines. Yet here we are, within seventy yards of the German first line, and the German does not yet know it. English, Scottish, Irish, Welsh, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, Newfoundlanders, South Africans, Indians, Maoris, Nuie Islanders,

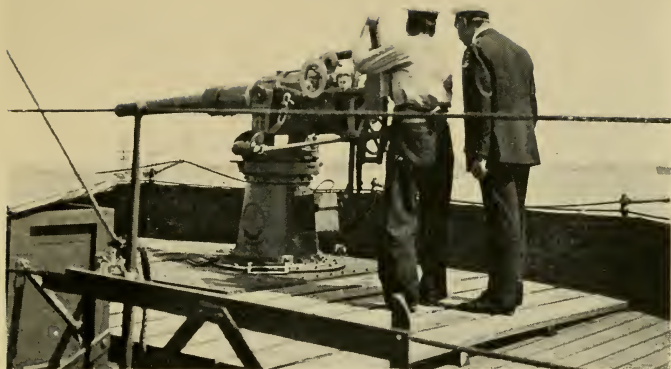
Ceylon Planters, Straits Settlements men—all these and others too are in France, fighting for the freedom of the world. The mere thought of it stirs the imagination, the actual achievement makes the pulses thrill. As I write thousands of Russians, amidst scenes of almost unparalleled enthusiasm, are landing at Marseilles. Looking back on it now, it seems very wonderful that we should have been safely transported thus far from the ends of our far-flung Empire. Once again the enemy has been outwitted, just as he was at the landing on Gallipoli, at the Suvla landing, and at the evacuation. How all this has been accomplished cannot be told in detail until the war is over.

On March 30 we sailed from Egypt in a big Atlantic liner that carried an Anzac General and his staff and three thousand troops. During the voyage the submarine peril was ever in our minds. We lived with our life-belts. We took them with us even to our meals. At night we laid them handy beside our beds. When alarums were sounded the whole three thousand men and the ship's crew went orderly and quietly to their allotted stations. I was in charge of a collapsible boat inboard of one that was already swung out on the davits. Our duty, if our boat were ever launched—of which possibility some legitimate doubt occasionally crossed our minds—was to stand clear of the ship until she sank and then pull in and pick up as many men as we could out of the water. When the *Southland* was torpedoed with Australian and New Zealand troops on

board off Mudros, one such boat to carry thirty actually saved fifty-seven, though it was floating bottom upward. In that perilous situation, on that frail craft, for hours wet to the skin, these men from the Antipodes faced death with a wonderful courage and even with gaiety. They sang hymns and songs and choruses. And they chaffed each other unmercifully on their bedraggled appearance. When the ship's crew deserted some twenty Australians and New Zealanders who were safely in the boats volunteered to go back into the stokehold of the torpedoed ship and feed her furnaces. With the water swishing about her holds, they did this, and brought her safely into port ! Is not that a stirring epic ?

But the chances were that if a torpedo hit this ship fair and square our boat would never be launched, and that we should all soon be floundering in the water. In that case we should have to trust to Providence and the other boats. But three thousand men from a torpedoed ship in mid-ocean would take a lot of saving. The one soldier that every one was fully determined should be saved was the little man with the three rows of ribbons on his breast, pacing the deck, with a cheery word for every one—whom Hamilton, in a historic dispatch, had referred to as "The Soul of Anzac." On board that ship there was scarcely a man that would not willingly have given his own life to save his.

We had pleasant days and calm seas throughout our voyage. Submarine guards were posted The



THE GUN ASTERN WAS READY.



IN THE TRACK OF THE CARAVANS.

gun astern was ready. Men with loaded rifles were detailed, at the word of command, to fire upon any hostile periscope emerging from the depths. On the bridge and on the upper decks a sharp look-out was kept. One fine day, after we had finished boat stations and were just sitting down to tea, the alarum went again—five short blasts on the ship's siren.

“It may be the real thing this time,” said a general as we rose from the table, fastening our life-belts as we went. There was no fuss, no undue hurry. Each one went quietly to his station as is the way with the British in time of peril. Arrived on deck we found the ship, with way suddenly checked, swinging round in a great circle. It really seemed as if we had sighted and were trying to dodge a submarine. But soon the word went round that a man had jumped overboard. He had been in prison for some offence. In a moment of mental derangement he thought to suddenly end it all. Still wearing his life-belt, he could be seen floating, alive, in the sea. In a few minutes he was a mere speck in the ocean, then quickly lost to sight. A fast grey mine-sweeper, with long thin wireless masts, that had been convoying us dashed up, the foam rising from her bow, but searched in vain. The big liner was still swinging round in a great sweep. About half an hour had elapsed. Suddenly the red-painted life-buoys thrown overboard when the man jumped were seen floating in the sea, and, presently, the man also floating, with head thrown back, and an arm

tossed by the waves as if he were still alive. There was a disposition to cheer, but it was quickly checked, for many recognized that, by his rash act, this one man had endangered the lives of three thousand. Perhaps in war-time the ship should have gone straight on, leaving him to his fate, but British seamen are not built that way.

As the man passed astern, those with keen sight noted his wan face. He made no attempt to turn toward the passing ship. He was already dead. There was left only the chance of resuscitation. So, with her backing screws churning the sea to foam, the ship came almost to a dead stop and a boat was lowered. By this time the man was again far astern and lost to sight. The boat's crew rowed—a long pull—into the eye of the setting sun. Directed from the ship, they reached the floating body and hauled it into the boat. In suspense we watched the boat rowed slowly back with two oars. As it neared the ship we noted a naked form across a thwart and two men endeavouring to restore a life already gone beyond recall. In silence, the thousands of soldiers watching curiously, the boat with its crew and the limp naked form was hoisted on board, and the ship proceeded on her way, zigzagging across a leaden sea. That night there was a splash in the dark water—there was one out of three thousand that would never see the battlefields of Northern France.

Divine service at sea is at any time an impressive ceremonial, in time of war it is doubly so, and the

hymn "For those in peril on the sea" has a special significance, while "Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war," sung by two or three thousand soldiers, thrills the nerves and sets the pulses beating a little faster. There is not a woman's voice in all that great chorus. Leaning on the railing above the well deck, where the men, all wearing their life-belts, are closely packed, are five generals, various members of the staff, and some soldiers. The young parson stands beside the Commander of the Corps. He is a Cambridge man, a native of Tasmania, who has taken holy orders. Enlisting in the ranks as a common soldier, he has risen to the grade of Lieutenant. He is a thin-faced man of rather poor physique, but with the heart of a lion. Whatever may be said as to the polity of a soldier of the Church becoming a soldier in the Army, there is no doubt whatever that the men respect and look up to the fighting parson. The stirring sermon that this young lieutenant preached that Sunday as our vessel churned her way towards the Western battlefields, with the white houses of Pantalania looming ghost-like through the grey mists, made a deep impression upon all who heard it. The fighting parson was *en rapport* with the fighting Anzacs.

Next day the troops assembled once more, crowding the after deck and even climbing the rigging to hear an address from their beloved General. Speaking extempore in his quick clear way, he recapitulated briefly the deeds of the past on Gallipoli, and told

the new troops that he knew they would play the game just the same as the old hands. He told stories with a humour that made them laugh heartily, and spoke of the splendid spirit of the men in the attacks on Lone Pine, the Nek, and Chunuk Bair. He spoke also of the entreaties of men to be allowed to serve in the rear-guard during the evacuation. In writing to the Private Secretary of the King, he had mentioned this latter fact, and the Secretary in reply had said, "The part of your letter that gave the King by far the greatest pleasure was that in which you describe the men as fighting to get into the positions of the greatest danger"; and he had added—"with a spirit like that running through your force, you may well be proud of your Army Corps." Finally the General urged his men to keep three things ever before their minds—training, fighting, and discipline. And he added, the greatest of these is discipline. In this connexion he said he felt sure that in the new land to which they were going, there would not be a single soldier from Australia or New Zealand who would not rather cut off his right hand than see the women and children of the soldiers of France who were at the front, not as safe in their keeping as would be their own wives and daughters and sisters at home.

"Three cheers for the General," cried some one at the conclusion of the address. There was a ringing response, followed by a buzz of conversation. "Thank you, boys," said the General simply, and then the bugle sounded the "dismiss."

With such stirring incidents, along our devious route, we steamed across these seas, and one grey morning awoke to find the rocky hills of Southern France and the tower of Notre Dame de la Garde looming through the mists behind Marseilles. And into that city, with centuries of stirring history behind it, and with a glorious promise of spring in the avenues of the budding plane trees, our good ship poured out her three thousand troops. Other ships had come in before us. Still others were following in our wake. The long-expected had come at last—we had reached the promised land!

THE SPIRIT OF A NATION

“ **W**OULD you like to see a miracle ? ” said the Colonel as we came to a break in the communication trench, and looked along a disused road.

We assured him that we should.

“ Well, scatter,” he added, as we emerged from the trench one at a time, for the Germans could see this road, and in these days even miracles cannot be seen in safety if you cross open spaces in groups.

In a green field on our right beside the road was a huge shell-hole. It was as if some earthy carbuncle had been rooted from the soil. On the left, some little distance ahead, were the ruins of peasant homes. And near them, in a shattered shrine, was a Christ, life-sized and untouched, on a cross. The tumbled bricks lay in a red heap at the foot of the cross. Only the areole behind the crucifix was slightly broken. The cross and the figure had escaped unscratched. That was the miracle.

“ The people here go down on their knees before that,” said the Colonel.

On a used road, close up behind the firing line, was another crucifix. A young woman walking

along the road went up to it, made a genuflexion and said an "Ave Maria." Continuing her journey she saw a little child playing by the roadside. She took the child back to the shrine, and made her, too, say an "Ave Maria."

Change the scene now to a homely interior in one of the villages also not far behind the firing line. The husband is home from the trenches on leave, and is eating a meal. The women are working at their ordinary domestic duties. The bell for the Angelus tolls. The man stops his eating, the women their work. Each one goes through the same performance, reverently, as did the young woman and the little child at the roadside shrine.

It is this deeply religious spirit, combined with pride of race and love of country, a supreme confidence in their own powers, and a great faith in their just cause, that is winning the war in France to-day. There are no rebels in this land, no conscientious objectors, no stop-the-war party. Every one knows that the war must go on, and on, to its legitimate end. And each realizes fully that there is only one way out—the destroying Hun must himself be destroyed. Those who had lost faith in the French have had to revise their estimate. All the old gallantry is still there ; but with it a more calculating cleverness and ability than of old. Those young officers from the School of St. Cyr who swore to go into their first battle with the traditional white gloves and plumed *képis* of their promotion ceremonial, and did so, fell quickly in consequence ; but

they typified the old *élan*. Without that spirit France could not win battles as she is winning them to-day. That brilliant Frenchman, M. Barrès, has well expressed the spirit that, in August, 1914, ran freely through the land when the call to arms was made: "In all the villages the bells rang out from the old church towers whose foundations lie among the remains of the dead. They suddenly became the voices of the land of France. They summoned the men and comforted the women. So great was their clamour that it seemed as though they would break the very stones of the tombs, and their sound awakened in every French heart the noblest virtues that heart can contain."

Yet it is a changed France that we see to-day. You get your first impression of an altered France on landing at Marseilles. But Marseilles itself is not changed. The docks and quays seem to be as busy as ever. There is a vast amount of shipping, mostly British. In the glorious avenues of the city the plane trees are bursting into leaf. There are no shattered monuments here. Marseilles is too far behind the lines. But you note a great change in the people. Everywhere there are soldiers, many of them wounded, some without a leg, some without an arm.

Out of the gateway of the fort, at the entrance of the harbour that centuries ago held the argosies of the old conquering Greeks, comes a stream of strange troops—a mixture of black, and white, and brown. Some of them are big fellows, much stronger than

the Germans who, under fixed bayonets, we saw unloading the ships near by. Marching up the Rue de la République comes a column of the little Senegalese, black and jolly, sweating in the warm sun under their packs and heavy overcoats. The mixture of caste and colour, and the variety of uniforms—blue, and red, and grey—remind you that France, like England, has her colonies, and that whereas Germany's overseas dominions are to her a sealed book, there is free intercommunication between the possessions of England and France and their motherlands. At one of the crowded quays soldiers partially recovered from wounds and sickness—a shipload of them—are going back to recruit their wasted strength in Algiers.

For the first time we see soldiers wearing their steel casques. It almost seems as if we had stepped back into the spacious days of the crusades. Some of the casques have dents in them. In the varied cosmopolitan throng that moves and has its being in Marseilles, one rubs shoulders with tall, handsome Serbs in khaki, Australians of the "grand chapeau"—the French at first mistook them for the Corps Alpin of Italy—British, Canadians, New Zealanders, Maoris; French, Italian, and English naval officers, and the advance guard of the friendly Russian influx that a few days later was to thrill the city with a new enthusiasm. All this variety and the riot of military colour struck strangely on our eyes after the dull faded khaki of Gallipoli and the Egyptian desert.

By way of background there was a sombre note in the dresses of the women. A great many were in black, with veils of long heavy crape such as the Latins affect in times of mourning. But even these women were calm and confident. They were brave also, for they smiled through their tears. One saw scarcely any young men. These were in the lines at Verdun, stopping the mad onrush of the Hunnish horde, and along the lines South to Switzerland and North to Flanders, where were also the British, the Australians, the New Zealanders, and the Belgians, and more French.

The old woman in the little shop where we buy some books has a brother in the lines, and is quite cheerful about the war. It will end all right for France. The Germans cannot win! Yes, she has seen many Australians passing through Marseilles—the men with the “grand chapeau.” Where are we going? We tell her we are going to ——. Ah! there is good beer and good cider in that place.

In the evening we hail a fiacre to take us back to our transport. The cocher demands six francs. We offered him five, but he would not alter his first demand. We tried another man farther down the rank. He asked seven. We went back to the first driver and accepted the original offer. “Aha!” he said, “I’ll wager you the other man asked you seven.” At the end of the journey we told him we were not rich men, and that it was the second year of the war. But to this his only reply was, “It is all a matter of commerce.” The war, he said, was going

all right. He bade us a cheery good night, and went his way chortling, forgetting even to ask us for a *pourboire*.

In *The Rapide* to Paris. We are in a crowded train, travelling in the usual way at the usual speed. We climb the heights and get passing glimpses of the lights of Marseilles, very much as one looks on the lights at the head of the Adriatic while the train climbs from Fiume on its way to Buda-Pest. And there is no stint of good food and drink. The dinner is of the best. You can have your choice of five different brands of champagne, and a variety in red and white wines. And you can finish with a glass of benedictine or *grand marnier* and a cigar—the latter, for preference, of your own providing. The French officers travelling back to the front are bright and amusing and confident. Yet it was the fifty-fourth day of the battle of Verdun, and to the outside world the issue still hung in doubt. No, no, Verdun was not finished yet ! But the Germans would never take Verdun ! The English might be nervous about it—the French were serenely confident. One could not but admire the spirit of a nation such as this at a time when the greatest war in the world's history was being waged within its own boundaries.

Paris ! A changed Paris. More women in black. More soldiers—though not so many as at Marseilles. Elderly bearded men, women, girls, and boys in the streets. Where was the gay boulevardier of the old Paris ? He had become a thing of the past. The casual English perhaps had been too prone to think

that the light-hearted Frenchman of the boulevards was the embodiment of the soul of France. He was not. The soul of France is rooted in her soil. You will find it in the towns and villages, and in the fields behind the lines as much as or more than you will in the cities.

But the business life of Paris seemed to go on much as it did before the war. Such shops as were closed at the height of the German menace had, in nearly every case, reopened their doors. The ordinary shops were doing business as usual, though the volume of trade might not be as great. It was very much as in London. Just as you missed the fashionably-dressed throng in Bond Street, so you missed it in the rue de la Paix. And jewellery there was cheaper than it used to be. In the Place Vendôme the great costumiers that set the fashions for half a continent were no longer adding up extravagant bills. No rich ladies from London and no American millionairesses ride up in their cars nowadays. The Place Vendôme is almost as silent as a tomb. Only at Rumpelmayer's did you see something of the old smartness in dress; but the rooms held a subdued gaiety, and while there were smart young women the only smart young men were soldiers wounded or on leave.

The Louvre was closed, its treasures hidden farther South, but we were told that already they were coming back. Notre Dame, in the silent gloom of which we rest and meditate awhile, still stands, and the light still shines through the glorious rose

window as it did of old. Indeed, all the monuments of Paris are safe. Thank God the destroying Huns, with the cold machines that have been made the symbol of their Kultur, were foiled in their attempt to add Paris to their other acts of desecration and destruction. It is some satisfaction to us to know that this was in a measure made possible by the coming of the English. In large measure also the German plan failed because of the promptitude and the resource of a French General who, in thousands of taxi-cabs, hurriedly and unexpectedly rushed up an army that formed a barrier upon which this wave of modern Kultur broke and spent its force and then receded. That great General, greatly mourned, lies in an honoured tomb. He has not lived to see the final victory.

And now a new spirit has fallen upon Paris. Paris still stands as it stood, but the people have changed. The gay life—never quite so gay as it was painted, and less vicious a great deal than that of Berlin—has given place to a sober seriousness that, while it does not seem natural to a Latin race, yet synchronizes with the times.

From Paris to and along the front in the next few days we rode many miles in trains and motor-cars through the fertile fields of France. Everywhere one saw soldiers—here a regiment of young Frenchmen in bluish-grey singing as they marched along the straight, unending Roman roads ; there Canadian cavalry, strong, hardy, and resolute, riding easily in a fold in the hills ; and yonder the tall, big meat-fed

men from the outer lands already going into the trenches.

But in the midst of all this preparation and atmosphere of war, the most astonishing thing was the intense cultivation of the land. The old men and the women and children, with a determination and an industry of which few other nations are capable, had left scarce a square yard that could be spared from the grass lands untilled. Streams ran swollen through the gently-sloping valleys in which the meadows were emerald. Cowslips and violets decked the floor of the woods where elms were budding, and the tender green of the larch and the chestnut relieved the copper-brown of the beech. Peach and cherry blossom were already brightening the scene. The corn was sprouting quickly under the soft influence of passing April showers. The country, like its people, was smiling through its tears.

BEHIND THE LINES

IN the quaint old-fashioned towns and villages behind the lines in Northern France British and Colonial soldiers fraternize with the inhabitants within sound of the guns. The English are learning French, the French are learning English. In the towns the men are free to wander up and down the streets, and to add to their daily ration little delicacies easily procurable. No bread tickets are needed in France. The armies and the people have an abundance. There is no stint of good food. For amusement there are the cinemas and the concert halls and tents. On a Sunday when the birds were singing in the forest and the land was bathed in sunshine, I wandered into one of the cinema halls in a town that had just escaped the German onrush. It had a little stage with scenery painted by the Tommies themselves. Beside the operator's stall there was even a box for officers. True it was not regal in its furnishings, but it filled the bill. The seats on the sawdusted floor were provision boxes. The stage was occupied by an Anzac Padre, one who was much under shot and shell in the Gallipoli

trenches. The hall was filled with officers and soldiers gravely listening to his sermon. Flaring posters of the cinema shows decked the walls—"Harry Day presents 'Kiss me, Sergeant,' 'Tonight's the Night,' " and similar themes. The Padre himself must have been struck with the incongruity of his surroundings, though they did not detract from the forcibleness of his sermon. He would no doubt be the first to recognize that the Cinema as well as the Sermon has a place behind the lines.

Behind the lines you obtain some idea of the extent to which mechanical transport is used in modern warfare. Great motor-lorries were drawn up in long columns by the roadside or rumbled past with ammunition and provisions and a hundred and one other things. Motor-cars, motor-ambulances, motor-cycles, and the ordinary bicycle also moved to and fro along the tree-lined roads. When you see a motor-lorry numbered 27,696 you are inclined to rub your eyes and look again. But there is no doubt about it. In this war petrol counts, and the consumption must be enormous. A whole army has been shifted on to a threatened flank and the situation saved by the taxi-cabs of a city. True there are horse teams also on these roads. At Gallipoli we had to man-handle our guns and even our shells, but here you find the horses still harnessed to the field gun and the howitzer of moderate calibre, though one day quite recently I saw some huge things swathed in tarpaulins

being drawn across our front by extraordinary engines with caterpillar wheels that made one conjure up visions of antediluvian animals that lived when the denizens of this world fought with tusks and teeth. Occasionally you do see an officer or a man astride a horse. But the man in a hurry takes a motor-car. Your modern knight is a knight on wheels—that is when he is not a knight with wings. Day and night this mechanical transport goes snorting and rumbling by, the heavy laden lorries shaking the very earth, making the windows rattle, and waking you in your sleep.

Nearer the firing line you may seek for adventure in the battered towns that still lie within the zone of fire. The French cling tenaciously to their homes though every week the German gunners take their toll of civilian lives. I know well one such town wherein you may still buy tobacco or get shaved, but always with the possibility that it will be the last tobacco you will buy or the last shave you will pay for. I went with a staff officer through the town for a little distance in a car. At the end of a street on which the grass was growing we left the car, and commenced a hot and tiresome walk. The street up which we went had been shelled and shelled again. The guns were firing as we went. Save for an officer and a few men not a solitary soul walked that street. A glance into the shops and the houses revealed only deplorable ruin. Some of the scenes were pathetic. In one house a perambulator half buried in the huddle of bricks and

mortar, and a cup half full of tea on a table indicated a precipitate flight from the German shells. One wondered what had happened to the baby. Was it still alive, or was it alive and an orphan? Almost every house and every shop in that street had been hit. There were some buildings that were in absolute ruin. Others were holed, but still habitable. Tiled roofs were torn and rent as if they had been made of paper. Gaps of varied dimensions were there to let in the rain or the sunshine. The dust left from falling brick and mortar lay thick on table, chair, and bedstead, undisturbed since the day the people had fled. A rat ran through the ruin, prowling for provender.

Away behind the lines on the borders of a ravished land the little mounds are beginning to be heaped over our dead. But that was only what our men expected. They have taken the chances, knowing full well what they were to fight for, and already some of them have given their all. They are sleeping their last sleep in alien but friendly soil. From some touching verses in *The Anzac Book* one stanza befitting the occasion may be appropriately quoted—

Yet where the brave man lies who fell in fight
 For his dear country, there his country is.
 And we will mourn them proudly as of right—
 For meaner deaths be weeping and loud cries :
 They died pro patria.

It is often stated that all the romance and picturesqueness has gone out of war, but that is an

inaccurate estimate. The warrior of to-day it is true does not ride off with his lady-fair at his saddle-bow, and he is much more likely to use the curtailed modern equivalent of "By our Lady" than the original phrase. He recognizes that poison gas, tear shells, flame liquid, and high explosive are more deadly and more prosaic than the harquebuse and the javelin. He may even be a little disappointed not to find the splendid wine and the foaming tankard of the romantic novelist. The old lady in the bookshop at Marseilles who told us that there was good beer and good cider here was at least not an expert! The beer of the country doesn't foam. It is a weak, brown, wishy-washy liquid that even Jacques, our landlady's boy aged ten, has with his breakfast, and as for the wine—well, there is wine and wine; but the average Colonial soldier has not the cultivated palate.

But for all this, many of our men realize that they are in a land of history and romance. There are still maids that are fair—the Frank and the Flemish—and the bar of an alien language was ever one that could be readily overcome in the fields of romance. Already attachments are being formed, and it will be strange if, when the war is over, some of our antipodean soldiers do not settle down in this fair land, or take with them to the sunnier climes of Australia and New Zealand some of the fair maids of France.

GROUPS IN CAMP

IF the shades of Clive or Wolfe wander across Salisbury Plain in this pleasant spring weather they must be surprised when they watch our latest soldiers in the making. They would be mystified if they were told that finished soldiers were turned out from the raw material in a few weeks.

But it is different material from that which went to stiffen the ranks on the Plains of Abraham. One realizes that there has been a change when a newly-promoted bombardier approaches his subaltern and, saluting, asks if he might be allowed to bring his car into camp. Near a large training centre in the Southern Command there is an excellent golf course and every evening one may see two limber gunners, a driver, and a battery telephonist playing a friendly foursome. At least one of the four men has played against Braid and Hilton. Coming back to camp the foursome is joined by two other men in gunner's uniform, and the talk turns to the preservation of game. The No. 1 of Number Three gun tells the No. 3 of Number One gun just where and when he liberated his last lot of salmon fry in his own stretch of fishing in the North.

These are some of the men who, after wearing the Red Crown and khaki armlet of the attested, are now face to face with the reality. These men have for the most part proved themselves ideal material, and even the hardened sergeant-major, from whom praise comes grudgingly, has to admit that he has never seen their like for conscientious work and general cleanliness. The slovenly soldier is invariably found out at kit inspection, and so is the good one. The new men seem to have started their life in the Army with the avowed intention of showing the old hands the real worth of new willing material. They are wearing down the prejudices of years, and one glance inside a hut occupied by them is sufficient to show why. When you see men arranging their kit for inspection and alining every article in each kit with a length of cord so that all the mess-tins, all the housewives and hold-alls are dressed like a row of railway sleepers, then you know that these men are out to prove their worth. When the same men buy themselves boot-scrapers and coir mats that their huts may be kept the cleaner, when they plant flowers by their doors, then how can you fail to look and admire?

Queer things happen on these parades. An instructor, armed with all the knowledge of Shoebury and Woolwich, asks after a lecture if there are any questions. The queries he gets set him searching the back corners of his brain for the very empirical formulæ of the gunner. He temporizes, and perhaps says that he will deal with that matter in his

next lecture. It is disconcerting when one is addressing a class of gunners, all recruits, to be suddenly asked if it would not be easier to work out the battery angle by using a subversed sine !

The questioner may have been a qualified surveyor or an honours man in mathematics.

When he joins the Army a man may find himself in a strange backwater. A railway mechanic may be put on to drive a limbered wagon, or a polo groom may find himself in the artificers' shop. This happens too often, despite the multitude of papers which every newly joined recruit has to fill in and the most personal and sometimes irrelevant inquiries which he has to answer as to his qualifications. He may look forward to being put into some congenial and suitable position ; but he is often disappointed and becomes a round peg in the square hole. The cookery may be controlled by an ex-plumber, while a former restaurant cook may be orderly-room clerk. An optician, who was obviously cut out for a range-finder, may be helping the battery farrier, while a pastry-cook may be sending down strange ranges to the guns.

In the old Army such things were not so noticeable. There was almost an eternity for training ; and if a man started in the wrong groove he settled down in the fullness of time. In the new Army all classes, trades, and professions are embodied. Often a man may be doing a private's work when he should have command and responsibility. In some cases it is obvious that the man should not

be allowed to stay in the ranks. There is a mining engineer who served in the ranks as a private, but after ten months his worth was realized and he was promoted. He is now a captain and wears the Military Cross. His chief occupation now is thinking out delightful surprises for the Boche. He is a master of all explosive unpleasantnesses, and the strip of country in front of his trench is in a state of constant eruption. There are many such men in the new Army, and they are worth watching for and culling from the herd.

Late arrivals though they were, these men are no conscripts. They take well to the routine and discipline. Among them are many men accustomed to command, and such men almost invariably submit to discipline with good grace, for they know the reason and the need for it. They are the leaven of the lump.

A CHEERFUL ARMY

“WELL, this is better than Gallipoli,” said the General, smiling.

“My blooming oath!” replied the Australian soldier, and there was a world of meaning in his curt phrase.

“How’s your health here?” ventured the General, still smiling.

“Pretty crook,” came the quick response. It had occurred to him that in his first reply he might have admitted too much.

Both answers were typical of the character of the Colonial soldier. But to one who does not know “Tommy Cornstalk” this apparent casualness might seem to indicate familiarity, if not disrespect. Yet nothing was farther from the Anzac soldier’s mind. Just as the English “Tommy” used to refer affectionately to Lord Roberts as “Bobs,” so the Colonial soldier has his own particular nicknames for the Generals and the officers he knows.

When Lord Kitchener, General Maxwell, General Birdwood and General Godley climbed the heights of Anzac to view the Turkish lines, one of the Anzacs asked who they were?

“ Oh, that’s Billy Birdwood and three other blokes,” said his mate.

A little later, when Lord Kitchener addressed the troops, this apparently indifferent soldier would be one of the first to join the cheering throng. Similarly, when the Prince of Wales was in Egypt he was heartily acclaimed by the Australians and the New Zealanders, though one of the most enthusiastic was afterwards heard to say: “ I don’t take much stock in Royalty, but I simply had to cheer like blazes ! ”

The Cockney soldier has a humour of his own; the Irishman has a ready wit that never fails; and there is the delightful humour of the Scots soldier with which Ian Hay has made us so familiar. The crisp dry humour of the Canadian was a novelty in France; and now there has been added another blend, for the men from the Antipodes have brought with them a humour and a slang of their own. Their definition of the various batches of volunteers that have come out to fight is worth quoting. The first contingent became known as “ The Tourists.” They were out to see a bit of the world. Incidentally they would do any fighting that came along. And they did it. Then came “ The Dinkums ”—the true fighting men they called themselves—“ dinkum ” signifying the very embodiment of all the virtues. There followed “ The Super-Dinkums,” “ The War Babies,” and “ The Hard Thinkers,” the latter having thought a great deal before they came. But even the “ Hard Thinkers ” are up to the mark.

It will tax the ingenuity of the Colonial "Tommy" to find appropriate names for the batches yet to come, but one may be sure that he will do so.

In the meantime strange Australasian terms are being grafted on to the language of the French and the Flemings. Even the "imshi" of the Egyptian Arab has been transplanted into the vocabulary of the boys and girls of Northern France per media of the soldiers from overseas.

Often the Colonial "Tommy" affects an air of surprise or incredulity when his first reply is not exactly understood.

"What do you belong to, my man?" asked a famous General who was visiting Anzac.

"Me?" replied the "Tommy." "Oh, I belong to the famous Third."

"Why famous?" inquired the General.

"Why fa—— Why famous!" exclaimed the "Tommy." "Why! We're the blokes wot took these blooming hills!"

And now the Colonial is beginning to adapt another language to the new environment in which he finds himself, but his incursion into the strange vocabulary sometimes leads to rather amusing consequences.

Recently an officer asked one of his men if he was guilty of a certain dereliction of duty.

"Oui, oui," replied the delinquent.

"Very well, seven days C.B. Vous comprenez?" said the officer.

In Egypt and on the way to France, the necessity

for good discipline was instilled into our troops, and their behaviour has been satisfactory. It has been the custom in the past to tell amusing stories about the discipline of our troops and that of the Canadians. The question of saluting was often the theme. "I saw an extraordinary thing to-day," an English officer said one evening in the mess. "What was that?" asked a brother officer. "Well," replied he, "I saw a Colonial soldier saluting his Colonel!" That story, however, can no longer be told with any semblance of accuracy. Both Australian and New Zealand soldiers now salute as if to the manner born.

Last winter when the snow came in Flanders, and khaki was found to be all too conspicuous a dress in No-man's-land, an ingenious officer hit upon the idea of clothing his patrols in white night-shirts. The difficulty was to secure an adequate supply, for, even in slow-moving Flanders, the night-shirt is now almost a thing of the past. And before they could be made to order the snow might have disappeared. The gallant young officer who was intrusted with the commission resolved not to be baffled by a mere technicality, so he invaded the ladies' department of one of the largest shops in the nearest town and gave the puzzled and blushing maid behind the counter a wholesale order for all the *robes de nuit* she had in stock. Clad in these garments, his night patrols went out across the snows unobserved by the wily Boche; but that particular battalion laid itself open to the charge

that it was putting on frills. However, it didn't mind, as it was putting them on in a good cause.

A week or two later, when a new battalion "took over" and all the snow had gone, the incoming O.C. received a message from Headquarters asking how many white night-shirts he required for his night patrols? Regarding the matter as a joke, and determining to get even, he wired back: "Do not require any white night-shirts for patrols, but would like some pink pyjamas for my listening posts."

The humorists began very early in the campaign, and the Anzac censors certainly got a great deal of amusement out of their work. Men often took the opportunity afforded of having a dig at their own officers, knowing that they had to censor their letters. In nearly every instance the officers were sportsmen enough to let the criticisms pass. There was a touch of delicious humour in the epistle of one "Tommy" who wrote: "Dear Bill, I enclose ten bob for tobacco. Please let me know if you get this, as it has to pass the Censor."

The Anzac Book, which is one of the literary treasures of the war, contains many examples of the humour of the Australian and New Zealand troops. But the Anzacs, ready though they be, have no monopoly of this saving grace. *The Dardanelles Driveller* which ran to one number and then ceased publication, had one or two efforts that were gems of their kind. For instance—

BIRTH.

On May 10, at Gladstone Villa, the wife of John Jones of twin sons.

DEATH.

On May 10, at Gladstone Villa, John Jones.

Then there was that effort entitled—

Y BEACH.

“Y Beach,” the Scottish Borderer cried,
While panting up the steep hillside,
“Y Beach.”

“To call this thing a beach is stiff:
It’s nothing but a blighty cliff—
Why Beach?”

Much of the humour of the trenches loses force, and something of its character, through having to be translated into drawing-room English. One Anzacian who had spent a busy morning with his shirt was heard soliloquizing at the mouth of his dug-out: “Lord lumme! I’m blest if the little blighters haven’t got patrols out on me bloomin’ tunic!” Nothing could be more disappointing than such a disaster, involving, as it did, further industry of the most patient kind, yet the “Tommy” got his joke out of it.

When the New Zealanders had been ashore about two hours at Anzac, a party of them was proceeding down the then tortuous path from Walker’s Ridge. From an opposite slope a sergeant posted there for that purpose called out a warning. “That path is mined,” he yelled down at the men below. “Then catch us as we come up again,” answered an irrepressible humorist in the front of the party.

On the same path later in the day a wounded Tasmanian was dragging himself painfully down the slope in a sitting position. He had been shot in the groin, and as he bumped over the rough ground an officer going up towards Walker's tried to comfort him a little. "Pretty hard work, sergeant," he said cheerily. The answer he got surprised him. "Damn hard on my pants," he said gloomily.

BATTLE SOUNDS

IT takes some time to get used to new noises in war. At Anzac we knew almost every gun by name, and could sleep through a duet by "Beachy Bill" and "Startling Annie," to say nothing of the melody of our own howitzers and field guns. At times, when we were very tired, even the resounding bang from the Destroyer on our flank failed to wake us. "Did you hear old Beachy pooping off this morning?" was a frequent query. And as often as not the answer was in the negative. We used rather to admire "Beachy," and, though he got many of our men, friendly messages were left behind for him. I have often wondered where he has pitched his new emplacement. We had also a great affection for the Destroyers. There were two of them—one on each flank—and their memory will live. Our particular Destroyer was on the left, and the Lord, and perhaps the Turk, knows how much we have to thank her for.

Here, in France, it is all different, and just as the eye has to get used to new sights, so the ear has to get used to new sounds. There are guns of so

many types and calibres, and a charming variety in bombs, from the docile "Mills," which you can handle affectionately before presentation to the enemy, to the big fat trench mortar fellows describing a graceful arc from trench to trench ; from the rifle grenade that goes away like a rocketing pheasant ; to the more decorous flight of the ball thrown from the big catapult that reminds you of the times and expedients of Julius Cæsar.

And there are all the other sounds of war. The first night in a town near the firing line is a novel experience. After a tiring day in the trenches and a late dinner you go to bed at peace with every one—almost with the enemy. But that frame of mind does not last. In the so-called silence of the night a continuous rumble strikes in upon the ear. It is the noise that comes from many wheels of motor-lorries and carts, and it seems to continue unceasingly. Night after night it will go on until the war ends. It comes from the transport, taking food and ammunition, and timber and wire, and goodness only knows what else besides up to the front line. Before the war we thought that rather a safe job. Yet here along our extensive front there is not a night that men are not killed and wounded at that work. It was a stirring sight to see the Australians galloping their teams along a shrapnelled road at night in answer to a message for more ammunition for their guns. The men on the limbers sat with folded arms as if on parade, with the shrapnel bursting overhead.

The rumble of wheels goes on till far into the night. At intervals you recognize the old familiar tat-tat-tat-ing of machine guns. These are sweeping the parapets, or spraying the roads and saps along which food for man and gun is being carried. The wonder is that so few are hit. At times you hear the measured tramp of a platoon or company—a working party or a relief—bound for the trenches. It is a peculiar sound that tramp ! tramp ! tramp ! of marching men. You can hear the spring and creak of the leather in their boots as they pass.

The dial of your illuminated wrist-watch tells you how the hours go past. Towards midnight you are startled with a loud and continuous cannonade. It begins with an appalling suddenness, and increases in intensity. It may last for ten minutes or for an hour, or for several hours. If for the shorter period you know it is a raid ; if for the longer, you surmise a more general attack. The guns on either side give tongue in a loud dissonance, the concussion rattling your windows and making the very earth tremble. You count the discharges not by so many a minute, but by so many a second. The bigger shells go tearing through the air with a noise of rending cloth of huge dimension and great strength. The smaller ones come with an insidious whistle and the crunch of high explosive almost before the whistle has ended. These are the “whiz-bangs.” There are others that come even a bit quicker. They might be called the “bang-whizes.” And so the night goes on. Next

morning at your tea and toast in the calm security of your home in England you may read in the communiqué that there was "comparative quiet all along the line." And so there was. What we have been listening to is a mere madrigal of war compared with the Wagnerian noises that rend the air at Ypres, at Verdun, and at the Somme.

A few years ago such a cannonade as we have frequently had on our front—shells coming three and four a second, and the whole sky illuminated with their flashings—would presage a big battle. But when after ten or twenty minutes, or an hour, the fire dies down, we know that it is only a small foray—what we call a cutting-out expedition. For a few hundred yards the enemy's trenches or our own, as the case may be, are blown to bits, and most of the men in them killed or wounded or stupefied. The men who are to do the raiding then climb over their parapet, go with a rush across the hundred yards or so of No-man's-land, jump into the trenches of the enemy that have been breached and battered beyond recognition, kill a few men, secure some prisoners and material—papers, bombs, flares, trench mortars, or even machine guns—and then get back as best they can to their own trenches through a hail of the enemy's bombs and shrapnel. They are protected from serious attack by their own guns, which as they start out suddenly switch off right and left to prevent reserves coming along the enemy trench, and, in the centre, "lift" to form a barrage behind that will prevent help arriving

from that direction. On the way back they may leave a few of their own men dead or wounded in No-man's-land, but, generally, the honours are with the raiding party. As a rule more are killed and wounded by the shelling. The matter is all thought out beforehand to the minutest detail—the calm and deliberate diabolicalness of it is simply amazing. But remember it has all been made possible by the gentle apostles of culture—the peace-loving nation that, to save its own soul and body, had to wage a campaign of frightfulness against warlike Belgium and militant England!

From one point in our trenches we can obtain an excellent view of the enemy's line and at the same place look back and see our own front for a considerable distance. Our patrols go out through that gap at night, right up to the German wire. They listen to the Germans talking. Recently they have heard some rather juvenile voices. Occasionally they meet an opposing patrol, and then there is trouble. It is valorous work this crawling through No-man's-land like a red Indian through the prairie grass, especially when flares are sent up and illumine the immediate surroundings, but there are lots of men who delight in it. Indeed, even for a noncombatant the temptation to make one of a patrol is hard to resist. A few nights ago a young New Zealand officer in charge of a patrol came suddenly upon a German working party out to mend their wire. As the New Zealanders were largely outnumbered they scuttled back to the safety of

their own trenches. As they gave the password and hurriedly hopped over their own parapet, one man making a great noise as he landed on a tin periscope, they seemed to be intensely amused. At all events the young officer greatly enjoyed the experience, and his account of it, instead of being intensely dramatic, was concerned only with the humour of the situation. He regarded it as a great bit of luck that he had been able to get out on two night patrols within a week. A Member of Parliament who enlisted as a private and is now a junior officer had also the good luck to lead a night patrol into No-man's-land. For such adventure there is no lack of volunteers. Recently when men were wanted for a raid on the German trenches practically the whole of an Australian battalion, officers and men, volunteered, though only twenty or thirty men were wanted.

It is at the midnight hour, in an almost deserted town close up to the firing line, when all the guns are turned on, and with the thunder of the guns echoing among the deserted houses and streets, that you get your most vivid impression of the sounds of war.



THE SILVER SAUSAGE CAME AND WENT.



THE HEIGHTS OF ANZAC.

AN INTERLUDE IN WAR

IN the mythology of the Maori there are chronicled many strange incidents—the romantic happenings of love and peace and war. Handed down from the mists of antiquity by means of the wonderful memories of the *Tohungas* or high priests—for the Maori had no written language—these adventures of their forefathers yet live, and both the actualities and the myths of bygone generations have still an influence upon Maori character. It would require no great stretch of the Maori imagination to feel that the spirit of Heke, the old warrior who defied the British, and time after time cut down the pole from which fluttered the English flag in Northern New Zealand, had winged its way from the legendary Hawaiki—whither the spirits of the departed are borne—and was hovering over a forest in Northern France where worthy descendants of the tribes had come to engage in a friendly contest with men from those two great overseas dominions—Canada and Australia.

Heke was of our time, yet he remembered the day when the Maori felled his tree by fire and

fashioned his long canoe with the implements of the Stone Age. And now what a change ! The Maori, whose fathers only a few generations ago used the stone adze, and whose ancestors could not be conquered by British soldiers, is here helping his former foes in the greatest war of all the ages, and, in an interlude, meeting them and beating them in the forest at their own game. As young Rawiri and his men—stripped to the singlet, their great brown biceps showing, and pleasant smiles revealing fine teeth—stood, axe in hand, each beside his tree awaiting the signal to begin, one could not but remember the heroic spirit of their noble ancestors.

We left the hard *pave* of a road leading to the front, and turned into a shady lane going right into the heart of one of those delightful forests that add charm to the flat lands of French Flanders. The scene was one in which the old Maori warriors would have delighted—the spaciousness of the forest, the noble trees, the songs of the birds, the perfume of wild flowers, and, better still, the scent of battle in the air. At intervals the boom of a distant gun broke in upon the singing of the birds, the chiming of church bells, and the purring of a forest sawmill.

We had an Australian band that played good music, though, as some one remarked, its members were not bandsmen but miners. There were present English, Scottish, Irish, and Welsh. French Canadians talked to each other in French, and in the middle of a conversation would switch off into Eng-

lish. A French "*bucheron*," seated on a fallen tree beside an English War Correspondent, was saying to him—no doubt with memories of his own recent defeat in these same woods: "Ah! these Colonials, they are not good axemen; they waste too much timber." A Canadian with a Yankee drawl and some swagger was asking for "real trees." These trees, he said, were only saplings! That was *before* the contest, and he had perhaps never heard of the giant kauri in the forests of Northern New Zealand. Could he but see those forests, he would no doubt have to admit that a kauri is "some tree." Later, a critical Australian, watching this same swaggering axeman hacking not too skilfully at a hard elm, was heard to remark with caustic humour that he could do better with a knife and fork!

A very young English officer beside me was interested in the New Zealanders. "I hear there are a lot of awful blackguards among them," he said. I made a noncommittal reply: he had evidently mistaken me for an Englishman. He wondered if the Maoris talked English! I assured him that they did, better possibly than he or I, and that quite likely there were among them several with University degrees. He presumed they were good at games. I told him they had earned some fame at "rugger," that they played cricket fairly well, and that a Maori had carried off the New Zealand Golf Championship. "Are you with the New Zealanders?" he asked, looking me up and down. "Yes," I replied, "I *am* a New Zealander." Then

the conversation languished somewhat, and with all due modesty I assumed that my friend was thinking he might have been misinformed about my countrymen. After all he was a very young officer, and, no doubt, as brave as his forefathers who ventured forth in the crusades or who fought at Blenheim or Almanza. And one felt certain that he would be just as ready to die in a ditch in Flanders, maintaining, to the last gasp, the honour of the family name. All the same one could not help recalling the lines of our English poet-seer—

What do they know of England
Who only England know ?

But this war and these meetings under alien skies are doing us all good, and are giving us a better understanding of each other, with the inevitable result that in Government, and commerce, in the arts of peace and war, the Motherland and her loyal Dominions will be drawn yet closer together for mutual welfare and protection.

Meantime the axemen are waiting beside their trees: a shrill whistle gives the signal to commence, and immediately the chips begin to fly. Canada has three teams, Australia two, and New Zealand one—the latter selected from the few hundred Maoris who are with the Pioneer Battalion. There are three men in a team, and three trees have to be felled by each team. Any one man in the group may help to fell any of the three trees. Thus when one man has felled his tree he rushes to the assistance of one of his comrades, till towards the finish there

are usually three men hacking away at the last tree. The lots of three trees average in circumference 5 metres 50 centimetres, and the wood is hard. The Maoris have drawn a set of trees the average of which is above all the others, but the difference is not great. It is fair to add that the Maoris, having been at work in the forest for some little time, are in slightly better condition than the other axemen. One of the Canadian teams chopped first, but it was clear to experienced bushmen that they would have no chance against the dusky warriors from the Antipodes. The Australians were an unknown quantity. Their first team shaped well. They beat the Canadians easily. The crowd were evidently very interested in the Maori axemen. Unperturbed by the interest they were exciting, the three young men remained standing silently, axe in hand, each beside his tree, and when the whistle sounded they went to work with fine swinging blows, each stroke falling within the smallest fraction of an inch of the one before, just as a perfect golfer might swing his club, and, hitting on the exact spot, send his ball flying well and truly from the tee. The "scarfe" left as the gap in the tree widened was almost as if it had been cut with a saw—with such accuracy did the blows from the keen swinging axes fall. The first tree came crashing to the ground, to an accompaniment of cheers, in six minutes. It was a tree 1 metre 45 centimetres in circumference. The second tree fell in seven minutes. At the last tree—the biggest in any of the groups—the

three Maoris were now all plying their axes in style. In 9 minutes 40 seconds it, too, had fallen, the three trees thus having been brought down in 22 minutes 40 seconds. This was a record that, evidently, it would be difficult to excel, and as a matter of fact none of the other teams approached it. The results were—

					Min.	Sec.
New Zealand	.	.	.	.	22	40
Australia	.	.	.	.	31	8
Canada	.	.	.	.	45	22

Following this contest there was a log-chopping test won by an Australian, with a Maori second. It was almost a dead heat. In a cross-cut sawing competition, a Canadian pair just managed to beat a Maori team by about a second. The prize for the best axemanship was won by a Maori.

Thus ended a competition that will perhaps be memorable in the annals of warfare. A day or two before, in a village only a few miles away, an Australian General was wounded and an Australian doctor blown to bits by a German high explosive shell. Yet here we were, with competitors from our widely-scattered Dominions, calmly carrying out in the midst of idyllic surroundings this strange contest. Under the circumstances it was an event such as perhaps only the British could have conceived. One of my last impressions of it was a glimpse of the Maoris grouped for a photograph by the Baronne from a neighbouring château. She will have an interesting picture. Thousands of

miles from their ancestral home, here they were, ready and willing, in forest or trench, to strike a blow for the honour of their native land and of Mother England. Yes, of a surety the spirit of Heke, who time and again cut down the flagpole, and of old Rewi, who when asked to surrender said he would fight on for ever and ever, remains with young Rawini and his men as, smiling, sweating and victorious, they lean upon their axes beside the fallen elm—a pygmy compared with their own giant kauri—in a forest in Northern France. The native New Zealander again had proved his prowess in a new field, far from his home, just as he had done in that desperate night attack on Gallipoli when, with empty magazine and fixed bayonet, he helped to clear the foothills of the hostile Turks, and to pave the way for the memorable attack on Chunuk Bair.

FIVE MEN FROM LONDON

A CONCERT PARTY AT THE FRONT

Five old men from London Town,
Rather weak to break a lance,
Still can wander up and down
Thro' the stricken fields of France,
Still with song and story can
Touch the heart-strings of the man
Who for honour's sake will give
His red blood that Right may live.

Cheer them on their forward way :
Right, not Might, shall win the day.

SEVEN Anzacs, including the driver and the jolly Padre, who was stout and occupied much room, crowded into a 20 h.p. car and landed in an old Flemish town that was still standing, comparatively uninjured, near the front. Passing a church dating from the fourteenth century, and the Hôtel de Ville with a belfry of only a century later, they were on historic ground. On a hill not far away there had been a citadel in Roman times. There battles had raged and sieges endured. About that hill Philip IV of France had fought, and, after him, Philip of Valois, the Duke of Orleans, and the Prince of Orange.

In a great tent, bedecked with flags and lit with shaded electric lights, we found two thousand men and officers assembled—among them a General and a Scottish Earl. A blue haze from at least a thousand cigarettes and pipes was slowly rising to the roof—an incense from all the blends and brands of all the tobaccos of the British Empire, Egypt, and America.

Every seat in the tent was occupied and there was a fringe of standing men at the sides. A film filled in a few minutes. Then an elderly, grey-headed man appeared. He was the pianist of the Concert Company, and, briefly and amusingly, he gave us an inkling of what was in store for us. There was in addition a violinist, a tenor, a baritone, and a comic man. These five formed what was called the "Lena Ashwell Firing Line Concert Party." Similar Concert Companies, arranged by Miss Lena Ashwell and supported by generous donors, have been touring behind the lines in France and Flanders. This particular company had actually given a concert well within the range of the German guns.

The violinist played well, the tenor sang delightfully, the baritone almost "brought down the tent," especially with a famous, rollicking West Country song in dialect. The funny man was really funny, and sang, and told stories, till the tent was filled with jolly laughter. There was no woman's voice in that entertainment. All who listened were warriors who had been in or were about to go into

the trenches. Their strong, determined faces and their big frames gave no indication of any degeneracy in the British race.

There were officers and men from almost every part of our great Empire, and even Britons from neutral countries still farther afield. The Y.M.C.A. man who was "running the show" was a Canadian, whom a few years ago we had known as an enthusiastic worker in Wellington, New Zealand. He told us that only a few days before he was waiting at a railway crossing when two New Zealand Artillerymen dashed up and gave him a hearty greeting. They were two of his boys from the Wellington Y.M.C.A. ! London is no longer the meeting-place of the Empire. Marvellous to relate it has been shifted to Northern France.

And, at a time when our men have fought gloriously in the North Sea, we of the Army do not forget that this has been made possible through the might and courage of the British Navy. Are we downhearted? No ! The glorious deeds of the Battle Cruiser Squadron come across the waters like a trumpet call urging us to still greater deeds on land. To hear those two thousand men cheering British song and story close up to the lines in Northern France, and listen afterwards to their full-throated pæan of "God save our gracious King," was indeed inspiring. Could the War Lord have turned for a moment from the remains of his shattered fleet at Wilhelmshaven and glimpsed this scene

in the Y.M.C.A. tent, his proud boastings of "victory" might at least have been modified.

Two things struck one at this concert—the intense silence in which the men listened, and the wonderful enthusiasm of their applause at the end of a song or a series of stories.

Many of us had not heard such a concert since the war began, and the songs and tunes carried our thoughts across the seas to our homes in Mother England, and, in some cases, many thousands of miles farther.

As the great tent slowly emptied after the National Anthem, and we went our several ways in the long summer twilight of Northern France, one and all felt the better for hearing the old English songs and the English music once again.

THE RAIDERS

AN hour's ride in a motor-car brought us to a Brigade Headquarters soon after eleven at night by the summer clock. We found ourselves in a spacious room in a big house. Even a City magnate might be proud to have such a room for his office. Obviously this had been the home of some rich man. One wondered what had become of him—what had become of his family, and what of his wealth. In the iron grate a bright wood fire was blazing—such a fire as the man and his wife and his sons and daughters might have been sitting about in this rather chilly midsummer's night. In place of the master of the house one saw a Brigadier in khaki standing pensive in front of the fire. My thoughts flew back to a gloomy dug-out where last I had seen him under fire on Gallipoli during a rather critical stage of the great evacuation. The transformation seemed almost impossible—unreal !

At a table sat two signallers, one with a telephone strapped to his ear. At another table beside another instrument sat an artillery officer, smoking

a pipe. He was in touch with Artillery Headquarters and with the batteries. But for his khaki and his medal ribbons he might have been a young stockbroker awaiting news of a deal in Consols.

The bombardment had already commenced. It had broken in upon the silence of the night with an awful suddenness. Lurid flashes lit up the sky. The loud reports of guns, the roar of shells tearing through the air, the crunch of high explosive made a noise that would have been terrifying to unaccustomed ears. It was as the noise of several thunderstorms rolling in a grand cadence among the mountains. Yet there was not a great number of batteries engaged. One wondered what it must be like at Verdun! Almost at once the din was increased by the booming of enemy guns and the crash and crunch of their high explosive. At intervals, breaking in upon the resounding boom of the guns, came the rat-tat-tat of the machine guns beating their devil's tattoo that meant a hail of lead on path and parapet.

In the big room there was an air of tense expectancy. A man looked at his watch and said, "They've started now." A buzz on the telephone and there arrived a message announcing the fact. Then there came another strained wait. Something had gone wrong with the advanced signals.

The officer in the room takes up the instrument and asks why there is no word. "Go out yourself and see," he telephones, at the same time asking the man at the other end to leave his companion in

the signal dug-out. Presently the Brigadier is called to the instrument. Some men have come in and there is news. We listen to one end of the conversation amidst the roar of the guns and the noise of the shells sweeping past. "Yes! Yes!" he says. "You did!" "How many?" "Two!" "Quite right! Quite right!" Intuitively we know what has happened. A Major from Battalion Headquarters makes a significant gesture with his hand.

Another pause. Then more messages. The anxiety now is for our own men. How many of them will get back. The telephone rings frequently now, and much information—somewhat scrappy, it is true—comes from the firing line. "Thirty-two men in!" "Forty-eight men in!—some are wounded." "All in but one!" That one is a young Lieutenant who though wounded early in the advance continued to lead his men. Another tense wait, and then the welcome news, "All in!"

* * * * *

At midnight our guns cease firing as quickly as they commenced. The enemy guns carry on a desultory bombardment, that gradually dies down. At last there is comparative silence, broken soon by the haunting sound of the gas sirens, somewhat faint in the distance, more insistent in our own sector, and then growing fainter again as the sirens farther down the line take up the alarum. The guns of another division can now be heard booming in the distance. It is probably that division that

the Hun is endeavouring to gas. One after another our own battalions report "Gas attack unconfirmed" in their area. But there was gas that night farther up the line. Motoring home between two and three in the morning we encountered it some miles away from the spot at which it came hissing from the German trenches. The acrid fumes of the chlorine caught us in the throat and made our eyes smart. In the villages men had risen from their beds on hearing the alarum. Our driver, a laconic Scot, rolling his R's delightfully, remarked, "There's a lot o' them oot in their shirt-tails the nicht." The cavalry and the drivers of the convoys had donned their masks, and looked for all the world like a column of goggle-eyed divers on horseback. Next morning the crops along the road were blighted by this inhuman poison of modern warfare. There may be some things that posterity will forgive the German people for, but not, surely, for this fiendish method of killing men.

At 1 a.m. the air is once more in travail with the roar of guns. An anxious inquiry from the trenches comes down to us, but the Brigade Major replies cheerily, "No, it's our guns. We're giving them one minute of the best." And sure enough we were. The gunners, warmed to their work, seemed to be going for all they were worth. The enemy planted a few shells on our subsidiary lines, but generally he seemed rather depressed this night. Perhaps he had sent some of his guns away post haste where he thought they might be more needed. The

Russian bear was coming back to his haunts of a year ago ! And there might be other happenings.

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All this we knew of in the big room of the rich man's house. We also knew that we ourselves were not immune from enemy shells. Only a few days before I had seen blood running on the pavements of this same place, and shelling that had killed and wounded harmless civilians, including children. There was the rent of shrapnel in the very room in which we sat.

But out there in the trenches and in No-man's-land they were in the thick of it, and things were happening. After the first ten minutes of intensive bombardment and the suspense of it all, the raiders, in prearranged formation, dashed across the intervening space where the weeds and grass grow rank and the earth is pocked and pitted as if with a foul disease. At that moment some of our guns switched off right and left, and others " lifted " to form a protecting barrage against an enemy counter-attack. But before they had gone twenty yards the leader of the foray had fallen mortally wounded. His lieutenant fell with him, and they were left lying there while the others dashed on. The signallers, failing to unwind their wire quickly enough, could not keep up with the others. The assaulting parties moved on through a gap cut in the German wire by our trench mortars, and were soon in the enemy's trench. One of the officers, a lieutenant, though wounded in the chest and shoulder, carried on to the

end. He remained in the enemy's trench until all the men were withdrawn, and he was the last man to reach our own lines.

Meantime our men had gone bombing the dug-outs up and down the trench. They found four Germans dead in the trench, and bayoneted two more. The others had evidently beaten a precipitate retreat the moment the shelling began. Our splendid artillery fire undoubtedly accounted for many more. The German trench was battered beyond recognition, and in places it was altogether swept away. Clear proof here of what we can do if the British workman will only give us guns and shells. But if he insists on taking holidays he cannot give us all we need. The men at the front take no holidays. Even on Sundays there is no holiday. One day is like another—hard work, and wounds, and death! There is such a similarity that at times we lose the count of time.

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In the early hours of the morning a number of the men came trooping into the tapestried room bringing with them their booty, by means of which we could identify the regiments opposite us. They were a cheery crowd to have so lately come through the doors of death. With blackened faces, from which eyes and teeth gleamed, they looked for all the world like a dress rehearsal of a Christy Minstrel show. As they lined up and answered to the roll call one almost expected to hear "Massa Johnson" asking his brother corner-man some old-time conun-

drum. Then they were met with a hail of questions, and they cheerfully replied. Some one asked if it was exciting. "It was when we started," replied a sturdy non-com., smiling through his burnt cork. "There was a sapper next to me with a few pounds of gun-cotton on him!"

Questions having been asked and answered, we sat down at 2 a.m. to a supper of ham and eggs and hot coffee. Our thoughts were a good deal with the wounded who could not join us, and mostly with the brave young leader who had failed to see the fruition of his work. It was a small affair as war goes nowadays, but in it he had bravely done his duty for the Motherland that he had possibly never seen. Next morning he had passed beyond all the sights and sounds of war.

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The night raid is no new thing, but its evolution from a tribal affray or the foray of a clan to a grim struggle of international importance is a quite recent development. And the plan of the raid of to-day must differ from the plan of the raid of to-morrow. Indeed, if you are to deceive the wily Boche, you must be continually varying the details of your raids. The enemy must never know what is in your mind; he must not realize what is in store for him.

The Anzacs—and probably the British too—go through a course of systematic training, so that on the eve of a raid they are not only physically fit but thoroughly schooled in every ruse and detail of its

organization. The extent to which details are thought out may be indicated by one small matter. Officers and men taking part in a raid are now supplied with chewing-gum ! Why chewing-gum ? It appears that the tension of waiting during a furious bombardment in the darkness before going over the parapet produces in some of the bravest men a state of nervous strain that leads to coughing. Once you have crawled through No-man's-land and are beginning to feel your way beneath a hail of shrapnel and machine-gun bullets towards the gap that you hope your guns have made in the enemy's wire, preparatory to hopping his parapet and engaging in a deadly hand-to-hand struggle, a cough might cost you your life. If you could smoke you would not cough, but even the glow from a cigarette-end might betray your position, and your career might come to a sudden and inglorious end at the hands of some Saxon sniper or Bavarian machine-gunner. For that reason the pipe and the cigarette are banned, and chewing-gum, which answers all the requirements, has been substituted.

It is a strange sight to see men in these days of machines going literally into the jaws of death, dribbling, in clear daylight, through No-man's-land, a football from the playing fields of England. What other nation in all the world would think of that ? And yet there is method in their supposed madness. It gets the men quickly up to the enemy's line, and so long as the ball is at their toe, they will have little concern for the bullets. Men are

actually detailed in orders to dribble the ball along, and if these men fall, others will take their places. In any case it is as effective and far more sporting than the dope given to the German infantry before a charge—not indeed that many of the German soldiers require a dope, for they are brave even as our own men. But if this dribbling of a football through a hail of shot and shell is one of the strange sights of modern war, it is surely no less strange to see a hundred stalwart Anzacs with hands and faces blackened, armed to the teeth, and with jaws vigorously working away at American chewing-gum ! It is one other way in which the United States of America has helped us in the great cause of humanity. I can only hope that in disclosing the plot I shall not be the humble instrument of creating another international situation and a further series of notes between President Wilson and the German Chancellor ! Yet there is no saying what problems our German friends may not evolve out of the publication of the fact that British soldiers have been indulging in the practice of hopping the German parapets with American chewing-gum in their mouths.

In their early raids the Germans took with them into our trenches long sharp-bladed knives and strange-looking knobkerries with chunks of iron at the business end. We were thus driven to the devising of similar implements of destruction. In these raids the Germans, brave as they are, certainly did not get any change out of the Anzacs, but the

Anzacs never bore them any malice. So long as the Germans played the game, our men played the game also.

The captor and the captive in these raids make always an interesting study. Memories crowd in upon one, from Egypt and Gallipoli to Armentières, but it would need a special chapter to do them justice. One scene comes vividly before my memory. In the darkness we walked along the roads and through the fields to a trench within our lines. Meantime the bright flares were shooting skyward all along the line, indicating clearly the bend of the salient we were holding. They burst with beautiful effect, illuminating the scene, the German flares a little brighter than our own, and when the meteor-like flashes had died away, the darkness became blacker than before. We reached a dug-out in which we found a general, a colonel, some other officers, and the telephonists patiently waiting the course of events. The conversation in such situations becomes desultory and even incongruous. The ring of a telephone acts as an almost immediate silencer, for the situation is tense, and the actors in this great drama of darkness and uncertainty are known to many of us. Some of them we know we shall never see again. Others will come back with wounds, some serious, some slight. In our crowded dug-out the spasmodic attempts at gaiety do not altogether conceal the tense anxiety that is felt. It is a positive relief when a man, looking at his watch, announces that the bombard-

ment is due in half a minute. One counts the remaining seconds. Then, with a simultaneous burst of sound, the guns crash and thunder in unison. Risking a splinter or a direct hit, we leave the dug-out, and, scrambling on to a mound behind the trench, watch the splendid scene. The roar of the guns behind and in front, the tearing noise of the shells through the air overhead and on either side, the loud reports with which they burst at the end of their journey, the dull explosions of bombs, the crack of rifles, and the rat-tat-tat-ing of the machine guns, make a veritable orgy of sound. But it is the flashing illumination of the guns and the bursting shells and bombs and flares that interests us most. Scraggy arms of shell-torn trees stand revealed in all their sad semi-nakedness under the flash of flare or high explosive. Some are headless, mere shattered trunks with the sap of their former strong life drying within their attenuated, broken bodies. Others point a beckoning hand across the trench. But always they retreat again into the gloom of night out of which they came. Occasionally a flash reveals the ruin of some farm-house, the crumbling walls of which may even be a bit of our trench. Gone are the farmer and the farmer's wife, and his merry children who used to string a daisy chain in these scarred, shell-pitted fields that once were trim meadows, where sheep and cattle grazed contentedly. Now the grass and the weeds are growing rank in all the narrow battle zone; and back of the lines, and in between, the earth is pitted with the

foul disease of war. An exploding shell unearths the bones of some British soldier buried eighteen months ago. The light from a star-shell reveals a cross on which we read "An Unknown German lies here." Then there are the still living trees as well as those dead and dying. These, on more fortunate ground, are seen in silhouette against the sudden brilliance of the flares. For a moment they come in bold relief out of the darkness; in a moment they go back into the mirk from whence they came. For a full hour all these things appear and reappear. Then the guns "lift," and continue their destructive work farther back.

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The scene changes. The first of the captors with his prisoner appears. They are quite a friendly pair. "Don't shoot me: I am a married man!" said the German, when he found the burly Australian getting to close quarters with him in the trench. "You're all right, sonny; you just come along with me," the Australian had said, patting his prisoner on the shoulder. He talked excellent English, this German. He had been a clerk in a London office. He even descended to the vernacular. "Bloody clever! your raid," he said, "bloody clever!" And so it was, for our men, by a clever ruse, had completely deceived the Germans as to the point of their trenches that it was proposed to attack.

In the dug-out to which the prisoner was taken his letters and papers were examined by a young Englishman formerly an electric engineer in Berlin!

Such things are possible in war, and Germany is not possessed of all the talents, and all the positions, even in Berlin, however much we British may be in the habit of crediting her with them. The prisoner did not seem to mind much about his letters or his money. What he wanted most was the photographs of his wife and children that he carried with him in his pocket-book into the trenches. His wife was a pretty young woman, and his children were beautiful—a boy and a girl. Of course these pictures were promptly handed back to him. Being British, we even gave him back his money, though a young Australian officer cast longing eyes upon a one-mark note—a system of currency that, with iron, and even paper coins, for some time now has been used in a vain attempt to upkeep the German credit. The one-mark note and the iron money—a ten-pfennig piece—were afterwards purchased from him, at their full value, as souvenirs. The Australian soldiers even gave him their cigarettes and their own food and tea. One wondered how the enemy would have conducted a similar incident. But there is no longer any need to wonder. The taking away of the young men and women of Lille a few months ago, and the killing of Captain Fryatt in cold blood, indicate only too plainly to what depths the German mind and method can still descend. The Captain of the Great Eastern Company's liner also had a wife and children, and he was, unlike the German soldier in the raided trench, not fair game. "Don't kill me; I am a married man!"

is a sufficient password to reach the heart of one of our Australian soldiers, whose qualities the Germans have endeavoured to besmirch in lying words. But such a password, even from an innocent non-combatant, has no weight with the German Emperor !

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The Maori, who is naturally a born raider, has for some reason or other been turned into a pioneer, but he wants to get back into the fighting. He has original ideas about raiding, a form of warfare that for generations was practised by his forefathers in intertribal warfare. The old spirit is still strong in the Maori, and the love for the weapons of the Stone Age remains with him. The jade *mere* of his ancestor, cut and polished with great labour in the Stone Age, that, with him, was not so long ago, he still knows how to handle, and with the *taiha* he could no doubt still deal a deadly blow. But there is no jade in Flanders or Northern France, so the Maori has set himself to fashion the old weapons anew. He has obtained billhooks from which he has filed the curving top and then sharpened the rounded end to a razor edge. This is the modern equivalent of the *mere* of his ancestors ; it is perhaps an improvement upon it, for it will be more effective.

Among my friends in the Maori contingent is a doctor who had a brilliant college career. I believe his *materia-medica* paper surprised the professor who examined it. It was the best he had ever dealt

with. This doctor, after doing fine work at the front in Gallipoli, has now exchanged the lancet for the sword, and is in the ranks of the combatants. When I last saw him he was giving a warlike band, whose faces did not require any burnt cork, a lesson in anatomy, and the least intelligent of his volunteers now knows where, in close combat, he can find the sub-clavian or the carotid artery or the temporal of the thickest-skulled and toughest-skinned Boche that ever stepped into a trench in Northern France. In addition to these new cuts and thrusts, the Maori can still deal the effective blows that the earlier pioneers brought with them from far Hawaiki, the mythological home of their fathers. The temple-hit was well known to the Maori of the olden time. His hit was made with an idea of severing the temporal artery, and it used to end with a screw that sometimes took off the top of the enemy's head. All this may sound somewhat terrible if you don't know your anatomy. Really it is one of the most humane ways of putting your enemy *hors de combat*, a method in comparison with which the German gassing is diabolical in the extreme. Some of the famous greenstone *meres* with generations of history behind them are to be found in the museums and private collections of New Zealand and England. And one wonders if the new *mere*, used against the invaders of Northern France and the despoilers of Belgium, will find an honoured place beside the old historic weapons of a chivalrous foe.

LAUNCHING THE GREAT ATTACK

IT is the first of July, 1916—a day that will live in history. After months of careful preparation and wonderful organization behind the lines, a great British offensive has been launched against the Germans in France. Unexpectedly the French are pushing next to us north and south of the Somme. The Germans no doubt thought they had finished them at Verdun. The surprise was all the more effective. With a dash and a determination for which they were ever famous the splendid French troops in this great event have been remarkably successful and have won new laurels.

The scope of this combined offensive is as great as it is important. Apart from the fighting, the traffic along the roads is in itself an amazing sight. Its control is equally wonderful. Big motor-lorries by the thousand pass and repass in long columns. Motor-cars, carrying staff officers, dash along the roads. Motor-cyclists flash by. Great guns with motor-tractors on caterpillar wheels crawl across the

fields like Saurian monsters. Ammunition columns advance toward the firing line, and motor-ambulances, their red crosses half hidden in a coating of dust, running smoothly and slowly, return laden with the human wreckage from the battlefields. High above the cornfields ugly "sausage" balloons strain at the thin ropes of steel that hold them captive, the observers, sometimes sick with the continuous swaying motion, watch through their glasses the slow swing of the battle pendulum down below. Higher still, the fast battle-planes gleam in the bright sunlight, or, like dark birds of evil omen, remain for a time silhouetted against a silver cloud. In the night time streams of troops march along the dusty roads or leave the trail of a column of fours across the clover and the wheat fields—a trail that remains visible for days. It is all very wonderful—amazing!

Day and night without intermission, but with varying degrees of intensity, the preliminary bombardment went on. In many places it blew the German trenches to bits. It changed, as if with a magician's wand, already battered French villages held by German soldiery into heaps of red rubble. It played such havoc with the German lines of communication that it was with difficulty the enemy got food and water up to the firing line. Wounded and unwounded German prisoners, many hundreds of whom we saw, had in their faces that grey, scared look that told its own tale of torment of mind, of bodily fatigue, and of shock endured. With a

haunting remembrance of the ordeal, they said it was terrible. They were a mixed lot—not, of course, seen at their best—but among them were numbers of fine strapping fellows. Many admitted that Germany could not now win—the most they hoped for was a draw—but in any case the war could not last much longer. One thing was certain, namely, that their *moral* had been shaken. Few there were who were not pleased to be prisoners, fewer still who, given their liberty, would care to go back.

Day and night we watched the bombardment from a vantage point that overlooked the battle-fields between the Somme and the Ancre. By day it was a spectacle of pillars of smoke and dust—by night a scene of strange glowing lights and flashing illuminations. And, all the time, the grand arpeggio of the guns! The intensity of sound varied with the region from which one listened. The air was tremulous with the throbbing pulsations of hundreds of guns of different calibres. It was altogether different from the bombardments in Gallipoli where the guns of the ships boomed across the sea and our own cannon reverberated amongst the hills and dales. It was different also from the thunder of the New Zealand batteries further north, where an intense bombardment crashes and echoes in the town like a great thunderstorm. Here in this open, gently-rolling country it is not a thunder but rather a continuous pulsation of sound beating upon the ear so quickly that the beats become

uncountable. And there are strange variations in the waves of battle sounds according as they are affected by configuration of country. Currents and pools of stagnant air also play their incomprehensible parts. The booming of the bigger guns is said to have been heard in England! Here they are merged in the one gigantic, continuous pulsation. It is as if one were listening to the heart-beats of the world itself—to the pulsing of a great troubled heart in which the rhythm was broken at uncertain intervals by the bursting of huge fifteen-inch howitzer shells and the explosions of great mines packed, literally, with tons of ammonal.

The volume of sound reached its maximum pitch when hundreds of trench mortars all along the line began to hurl the heavy high explosive shells to fall in graceful curves with terrific bursts upon German trench and parapet and wire entanglement. At last, after many months of weary waiting, the enemy was getting back, with compound interest, a sample of his own devilish devices for the destruction of mankind.

At about 7.30 a.m., when our infantry attack was launched, when the trench mortars ceased, and the guns "lifted" their fire, there was a considerable diminution in the din which, to strained ears, had become so familiar. Then came the crack of rifle fire and the devilish tattoo of the enemy machine guns as our men climbed over the parapets into what for so long had been No-man's-land, but which in a few minutes now became ours. These, their staccato

bursts softened by distance, came, faintly, through the sound of our own cannonade and the somewhat uncertain and hesitating barrage of the enemy gunners, but to practised ears they were easily audible.

The grass was wet with dew and the morning mists hung low in the valley and on the slopes beyond where the death-struggle of a million men was now begun in real earnest. The smoke and dust of battle mingled with this haze and blotted out the distant landscape. Gradually, as the morning wore on, the visibility increased. And presently out of the thick haze we could see down below in the valley, slowly emerging, the toppling golden Virgin on the steeple of the church at Albert, bent at an angle by the German shelling, face downwards, but still holding in her outstretched hands the infant Christ. Appearing thus out of the mist and the smoke of battle the giant figure, still held up upon its bent girders of iron, seemed a mute protest against the kultur of a cruel and destroying nation.

From that day the great attack went on, at times developing into a series of battles. One would almost have thought that nothing could have lived through the hail of shell with which we battered the German trenches. Our own wounded, and officers and men whom we afterwards saw on the actual battlefield, smilingly confirmed the stories that the German prisoners had told us with haggard faces and still frightened eyes. Yet the pick and the shovel in patient toiling hands are great and

effective adjuncts in modern war to the bayonet and the gun, and the enemy had used them to some purpose in the long months of our enforced inactivity. Sheltering in their deep dug-outs in trench and ruined village, many Germans saved themselves and their machine guns long after trench and parapet and parados had become indistinguishable the one from the other, and long after hamlets and villages had become mere heaps of red rubble. From these machine guns, and from German high explosive and shrapnel, our British soldiers met in many places a withering and destructive fire that might well have dismayed the most heroic band, the while it thinned their ever onward-moving ranks and dotted the grassy sward of No-man's-land with their dead.

Yet, in spite of all this, we were now the masters of the vaunted German legions. On this day our brave soldiers feared neither man nor machine. They went into action with a glorious courage unexcelled in any war. One company actually started their charge dribbling footballs across No-man's-land !

As on the earth and on the sea, so in the air did we obtain the mastery and the initiative. For days now the German balloons, harried by our airmen with a new method of destruction, had been falling in flames, their observers attempting hurried descents by parachute to save their own bodies from fire or the swift and sudden fall. Yet all along the smoking line our own balloons were up, making

calm survey above the battlefields. With electric wave and light they gave the ranges to our thundering guns, scatheless and unalarmed. Swinging high above the valley of the Somme was a constellation of twenty, clear-cut against the summer blue. There was not one German balloon in sight. And no German plane dared cross our line. Yet here were our own planes flying low out over the German trenches. At times flights of half a dozen droned overhead, flying with deadly purpose on some specially destructive and hazardous mission. No wonder that a few days later the German squadron dropped a message in our lines: "Please give your bloody Flying Corps a rest!" The daring of our Corps was indeed a sight for gods and men.

Many gallant deeds were done in those first days of the great offensive, and if there were a hundred eyewitnesses with the most graphic pens, instead of only a few war correspondents, they would yet fail to do justice to the splendid heroism of "our contemptible little army."

FRICOURT AND LA BOISELLE

THE great Battle of the Somme along an extended front became in time a series of battles. Fierce fighting took place in the vicinity of the battered villages of Fricourt and La Boisselle—strong points in the German line that, for a time, held up our attack. This was really a battle in itself, and the writer had the rare good fortune to watch it from an adjacent slope, within close range, and right out in the open. It was a unique position from which, in such a war as this, a non-combatant could watch the progress of a fierce fight. Indeed, we were able to observe two distinct engagements that were going on at the same time—the final phase of the capture of Fricourt and the fight for the wood behind, and the even more gallant and desperate attack on La Boisselle. Well within a complete circle of gun fire, and even within the range of enemy machine guns and rifles, had they cared to shoot in our direction, we could follow almost every movement of our troops, in places even with the unaided eye. Both villages had been battered beyond recognition by our intensive initial bom-

bardment, but the enemy still clung tenaciously to the positions. Prisoners said afterwards that they had been told to hold them at all costs. For superb gallantry in the face of great odds I had seen nothing to equal the storming of this position since the attack on Chunuk Bair, Gallipoli.

For hours our bombardment of the enemy trenches and the ruins of these villages made of them a veritable inferno. That which was the German front line trench at La Boisselle had in places become almost a level road. Trees in the adjoining woods had been shot to bits, and brick and mortar had crumbled or disappeared in clouds of red dust till all the houses were shapeless ruins. Mametz, a village to the right, had already been taken, and our troops were now trying to get round the Fricourt wood from there, while other units were endeavouring to join with them round the opposite side.

Gallant work was done at Mametz too. The men from one unit got into the German line with a single casualty, and were in the second line with only two! One man himself took twenty prisoners. Other troops were not so lucky. They came up against machine-gun fire and were heavily bombed. In one spot, lying amongst the grass, in the line in which they were advancing, were the bodies of six men and a little dog—the mascot of the regiment—that had gone into the fight with them. One regiment had taken many prisoners and was tremendously “bucked up.” Another had got it “in the

neck " and was correspondingly depressed ; but each continued bravely fighting, and, in the end, the Germans were worsted.

As our men advanced from the Mametz position to get round Fricourt Wood we watched the German gunners putting a long-sustained barrage of high explosive and some shrapnel in the hollow through which they had to pass, yet the men, gallantly led, got through. The enemy also crumped our firing line, but in this they were too late : our troops had already advanced. " Woolly Bears " that burst with a peculiar tearing noise were mixed with the other stuff. Our own shelling of the German position had been most effective. An officer who went next day in to a German redoubt that had been greatly strafed found it a heap of tumbled earth. Some cheery pioneers from a northern county were already at work digging a communication trench soon after our troops had taken the German line. Laden with their more peaceful implements of war and beams of stout timber they streamed down into the hollow and across to the taken position.

When we arrived on the scene the real battle for La Boisselle was just beginning, and the last of the main German force was already in process of being cleared out of Fricourt. We got so close to the fight that, without our glasses, we could clearly see the troops moving into action. They streamed round one corner on the left of the Fricourt ruins and swung to the right along the edge of the wood. Others came up out of the hollow of the valley still

more to the left. These also advanced, but almost at the same time we heard the crackle of a machine gun, and could see that they were held up. The gun was hidden somewhere in the wood. Nearly all took shelter on the edge of a little copse at a place that *had* been Fricourt Farm. The trees of the copse had been torn and dismembered by our shell fire. They were shattered but still living forms, slowly bleeding to death.

Still farther round on the left, on the crest of a ridge overlooking a château set in a beautiful wood, was all that remained of La Boisselle after our guns had fiercely bombarded it. It was very, very little, but such ruined villages, however heavily bombarded, can still shelter an enemy that has made deep dug-outs. In these, invariably, both men and machine guns are saved, and such positions take a great deal of clearing up in an advance. In one case our men went right through a village—so quick was their onrush—and afterwards the enemy came out of cellars and dug-outs and fought, though, against the splendid valour of our troops, they failed to save the position. Many of the Germans who remained in that village were killed and wounded. The others quickly transformed themselves into “Kamarads” and held up their hands in surrender.

While our attacking force was sheltering at the end of Fricourt Wood our gunners were mercilessly shelling the La Boisselle position, still strongly held by the Germans and commanded by their artillery as well as by our own. Our high explosive tore the

earth relentlessly, sending up great bursts of smoke and showers of earth, and the already broken brick walls of shop and cottage disappeared in clouds of dust. At intervals a big shrapnel shell would burst in the air, spattering the ground with its pellets and leaving behind it a pretty rolling cloud of light, greyish-green smoke. That no doubt was to catch any German who might take it into his head to run for better shelter. But all the time we watched not a man showed himself. So terrible was the shelling that one would have thought nothing could have lived within its zone. And for hours this ruthless "preparation" for our advance went on.

Down on the left, at the corner of the wood, a battery of heavy guns with fine teams of black horses swung into action right in the open. This was a splendid and a cheering sight, and one unexpected in this war of trench and wire and dug-out. More of our guns had been shifted up in the night. Just in front of us, in new emplacements at what had been the German front-line trench, there was a battery already established in its new emplacements.

On the reverse slope of the Fricourt-La Boisselle ridge our men were nonchalantly walking about, and stretcher-bearers were going and coming in the open. Among the uniforms I noticed some of unexpected grey, and, looking through glasses, I saw that they were German, but in them were German prisoners. There must have been a whole company of them. Under the gleaming bayonets of half a

dozen guards, they were marched down the valley to a barbed-wire enclosure well away from the battleground. Other "Tommies" were bringing in prisoners in twos and threes from the captured trenches. At intervals, for fully half an hour, we watched one humorist slowly bringing in his prize. The prisoner seemed to be shamming and was reluctant to come. Apparently he thought he was going to his doom. There would be, at times, an argument in which a threatening bayonet played a part. An impatient and less humane man might have finished the argument—and the prisoner—with a bullet, but this "Tommy" persevered. He compelled the German to cross the trenches in front of him, and when it was his turn to clamber up the far side he made his prisoner stretch out his hand and pull him up.

The position at Fricourt and La Boisselle continued to be intensely interesting. Even though our standpoint was so excellent, emboldened by our success, we ventured along a little farther to where some of our soldiers were lying on the yellow earth of a communication trench. The group constituted an artillery forward observation post, and was made up of a colonel, a major, one or two junior officers, and some signallers. Among them was a big, handsome Australian whose father had been a Broken Hill millionaire. When the war broke out he was in England, and had joined the Artillery. At present he seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself.

For some hours we lay beside these men watching the wonderful battle spectacle and listening to messages coming and going over the field telephone. Expressions of delight alternated with orders and messages to and from the guns. "There's another blighter!" "His hands are up! His hands are up!" "There's another in a long coat surrendering—between the Crucifix and the Poodle!" There was a good deal of the Crucifix and the Poodle. The latter turned out to be a woolly-looking tree on the far ridge just in front of the other German line. The Crucifix was a real Crucifix still standing against the horizon amidst a small clump of naked trees. It is strange how many crucifixes escape shell fire, and such as do are regarded by the French with superstitious awe.

Interspersed with the talk of the observers were phrases of a more technical kind, such as "putting number four gun on to Burnham Wood," or "number three on to x 20 ak 16," "dropping twenty-five," or "twenty minutes left or right" as the case might be. The Germans were shelling our troops in a place these enthusiasts called Lozenge Wood—it was no longer a wood: it was a sand heap—and our aforesaid guns were now cheerfully worrying the enemy just over the ridge. The shells tore past us, and we watched them bursting over the crest. Our infantry had been into Crucifix trench, and others advancing to the further attack were now held up at the Poodle. The shelling was to allow them to go on. This they afterwards did, and by next day the whole of

Fricourt Wood was surrounded and the position made good.

Another Battery Commander wished to know over the 'phone if he could chip in, but the officer replied, "No ; Major Blank's battery will do the necessary." It was very much as if a man were sitting in his office ordering a ton of coal for his household or arranging a deal in shares or produce. They could not, of course, see their own guns. Neither could the gunners see what they were shooting at—it was all done with an almost uncanny scientific accuracy from the map and from observation in this forward station.

The position at Fricourt having been satisfactorily cleared up, we again turned our attention on La Boisselle, which was now more than ever being lashed with a storm of shells. Other batteries, including some " heavies " far back, were attending to this. It seemed as if the gunners had warmed to their work, and one could picture them stripped to the shirt, working with energy and enthusiasm, as shell after shell went tearing toward the enemy trenches.

Their shelling was terribly accurate and dreadfully effective. Presently they ceased from high explosive, banged in a perfect tornado of shrapnel, and then suddenly " lifted." From this we knew that the infantry attack was on the point of being launched, and surely enough in a few minutes' time we saw the first of the men debouching from a shattered communication trench and creeping up across a still more battered German trench in the

direction of what had been the village. Others followed, and soon there was a little group in a very exposed position waiting for their chance to go forward. The German gunnery at this stage of the battle was magnificent. The position had been accurately registered, and a solitary German balloon far away behind the woods of the distant ridge was observing.

Looking from our grand-stand position on the hillside, it seemed as if no troops on God's earth could ever come safely through such a barrage. "My God! that's pitiless shrapnel at La Boisselle," said the man beside me. But all the time as we looked British troops were passing through it. Raked by machine gun and rifle fire, stunned and blown to bits by high explosive, and pelted with the bursting shrapnel, many fell but none wavered. It was an exhibition of dauntless courage and self-sacrifice that one might well have risked one's own life to see. We did not know what troops they were—clerks and artisans and labourers probably, led by young fellows only a year or two away from the public schools and 'Varsities. We did not even trouble to ask. Sufficient for us from the distant lands of the Empire was it that they were British lads turned into soldiers in a year, and that their magnificent and undaunted courage was typical of the high *moral* to which "the contemptible little army" had attained.

The German gunners continued to put a deadly barrage into the hollow on the left in an endeavour

to stop the advance. They shot also at the little group crouching on the white chalky rubble of a damaged trench where they were finding all too inadequate shelter. The ground was whipped with shrapnel and high explosive, and a German machine gunner who had lived through our fire now gallantly emerged from his shelter and began firing. Now there was also the crackle of rifle fire mingling with the reports of the guns that were shooting all around us, and with the noise of the bursting shells immediately in front. One felt very sorry for the little group of brave men crouching there in the open. Presently there was a burst of shell beside them and a second right over them. For a moment they were obliterated by the smoke and the whipped-up dust. When it cleared we saw man after man get up, and, crouching low, advance into the village in face of the machine-gun fire from the leafless wood and the ruined houses. Some seven or eight there were who did not move. They lay in strangely huddled attitudes, motionless on the light earth of the battered trench. Next day they were still there in the same positions. Death had caught them in the very hour of victory. But other gallant fellows came on through the pitiless hail of German shrapnel to take their places. They came singly and in twos and threes. Some dropped, but there was no flinching, no turning back. It was all very, very sad, but finely inspiring, and it made the pulses thrill. One felt proud to be of the breed. In this manner did we gain our footing in La Boisselle.

The boom of the guns and the crash and crump of bursting shells continued, and our droning battle planes, wheeling overhead, surveyed the scene with an immeasurable scorn for the German shrapnel. The open trench beside which we lay was like a wound in the meadow. The gentle grassy slope above and below was gay with red poppies, blue cornflowers, and white daisies—the colours of England and of France—swallows and butterflies were flitting about in the clear sunshine, and, in the blue above, a soaring lark was putting all his soul into his song.

GOLFERS FROM THE SEA

IF you have been squatting on the sea bottom not a mile from Heligoland for two days and have been fired at and chased and otherwise inhospitably received, you naturally crave for some form of recreation. That explains why the Z. 77 is vainly endeavouring to call up H.M.S. *Outrageous*, and also why her signalman is muttering cutting remarks about the somnolence of signalmen on bigger ships. From the vitals of the submarine comes a voice. "Got 'em yet, Evans?" "'E's just woke up, sir," says Evans, and proceeds to spell out a message with the aid of two large semaphore flags. This is the message: "Lieutenant X., *Outrageous*,—Will give you two bisques and knock spots off you.—Tubby."

Half-way through the receiving signalman on the big ship became wildly excited. "And 'im twelve years in the Navy and can't send biscuits right," he snorted. Then he left the bridge and dived below to where a rather bored kitten and the gunnery lieutenant were amusing themselves with a piece of string and a ball of paper. "Message from Z. 77,

sir," said the signalman, standing in the ward-room door. "Received 9.27 a.m. Will give you two biscuits and knock spots off you.—Tubby." For a moment the lieutenant looked as puzzled as the signalman at the message. Suddenly its meaning dawned on him. "Say that I will pick up Lieutenant Watkins in five minutes," he said, "and, by the way, that word wasn't biscuits. You let your mind run on food too much, Semple."

A little later a cutter called at Z. 77 and took the two officers and their golf clubs ashore. As they landed on the narrow beach a tall major of marines sauntered down and gazed with open hostility at the kit of clubs slung over each shoulder. He addressed the gunnery lieutenant. "What were you doing in the Great War, daddy?" he said mildly, and departed under a shower of small pebbles. The marine officer had to work, so it was entirely a case of sour grapes with him.

An extraordinary thing is this craze for strenuous amusement possessed by the average Briton. On the way up to the first tee the golfers passed a football ground where twenty-two brawny "matlows" were sweating and puffing in the endeavour to force a ball between two upright posts. Yesterday most of these men had come tearing through the Cattegat with an excellent chance of striking anything from a mine to a "U" boat on the run. They had had but little rest in the last three days, and normally they should have been sleeping the sleep of the just. It is the same behind the lines in France. The natural

antidote for hard work and overstrained nerves is hard play, and so these men, who should by rights turn in to their bunks and hammocks directly they come back to harbour, don flannels or shorts, and spend lavishly all the energy that has been left to them after a week of watching in North Sea weather. As our two golfers tramp the links the commander of the *Outrageous* is stretched full length amongst the heather lining the bank of one of the Highland streams ten miles away. Below him in a deep brown pool is such a trout as will make his reputation in the ward-room for all time, and he is painfully wriggling to a position from which he can lob his fly gently into the ripple above.

The submarine man's drive from the first tee is long and low, with a run that takes him within easy mashie shot of the green. The gunner's ball rises at an angle of about sixty degrees to an extraordinary height, and falls to earth so close to the tee that its thud as it hits the turf is distinctly audible. "That," says he pensively, "must be my maximum elevation." And so they play light-hearted as schoolboys. Their golfing talk is mixed with the queer jargon of the Navy. "Guns" calls his cleek his secondary armament, and the other man talks in a like way. "I will now submerge," he says, as he faces his ball in an attempt to hole a five-foot putt. But he doesn't. At a blind hole "Guns" is again troubled. "These indirect drives are the very devil. It's like smacking away at Maidos over about ten miles of Gallipoli." He had been on the bombarding

squadron out there. It is only a nine-hole course, so when they have played once round they start off again.

At the sixth tee a perspiring orderly appears with a message. The submarine man reads it and groans. " I'm off," he says, and off he is, leaving " Guns " to finish his game alone. . . .

Well out in the North Sea an ugly craft wallows in the swell. She has an assignation with a small black-funnelled destroyer that presently appears. Bashfully the submarine sinks below the waves like some coy maiden discovered bathing. Her periscope alone remains above the surface. The former golfer is standing with his eye glued to the lens of the graticuled periscope sight. He is satisfied, and suddenly there is a thud and a rush that tells that a torpedo has started on its way. The tanks are filled, and the boat submerges completely, waiting for the concussion of the water that should follow. She stays down the allotted time for the range, but nothing happens, and slowly she rises again to the surface. As the periscope prism gets above the water and catches the target in its field, the golfer looks disgustedly at the smudge of smoke that marks the retreating destroyer.

" Sliced, begad ! " he says, and gives the order to return to harbour.

That night, in the ward-room where he is dining as a guest, the commander tells the tale of a Brob-dignagian trout that dallied with a coachman and toyed with a blue drake, until by wonderful strategy

it was hooked, only to get free after a Titanic struggle. "My fish got away, too," muses the submarine man, but he doesn't tell his story. It is a commonplace beside the commander's.

THE COAST-GUARD

If you win through an African jungle,
Unnoticed at home in the Press,
Heed it not, no man seeth the piston,
But it driveth the ship none the less.

THE WARD-ROOM LITANY.

WAR saw us unprepared on land, and but partly prepared on sea, but mechanical genius and general adaptability have made up for our unpreparedness to an extent that one only realizes after a visit to the East Coast defences.

Before the war a fishing town basked in the sunshine of prosperity. Rich harvests from the sea brought comfort to these hardy fishermen. Now their harvest is a grimmer one and they rake the seas for the spawn of death; mines and torpedoes are their catches, and hardship and incessant watching their lot.

Not all the craft boast a tonnage of thousands, but they are none the less important. Lining the quays there is a fleet that boasts no grey paint, and there is not enough brass there to make a candlestick. The skippers of these vessels have no gold lace on cap or sleeve. They wear canvas jackets, occa-

sionally they boast earrings, and their hands are rough with the salt rime and the handling of the sea harvest. These are the trawlers, his Majesty's trawlers, the men who gather in the sowings of the German submarines and minelayers. Since March they have accounted for 460 German mines, and they are proud of their work.

* * * * *

There is a man on this coast, a Galahad of the fishermen. His name matters not, but he is the skipper of the *King Stephen*. He is a hard man, and he speaks of the Germans as he would speak of scorpions. He made up his mind that he would wage his part of the war as war, and "God help the Germans whom he met." In good time he did meet a German, several of them, in a "U" boat. He opened fire at short range, for the enemy had not held him in much esteem, but had made suggestions about "taking to boats." The skipper of the trawler had other views, and his first round swept a sailor from the deck of the submarine with one leg less than Nature gave him. His third, fourth, and fifth struck the conning tower, and the enemy sank slowly, leaving bubbles and oily patches on the smooth sea. There were other submarines about, and the skipper of the trawler gave orders to make off, but above his orders sounded the wail of the wounded German sailor, and the skipper forgot his hatred, hearing the call of one man to another. Without stopping to deliberate he went over the side to rescue his erstwhile foe, and he brought him safely

on board. What do the men who shelled our helpless "E" boat's crew in the Baltic think of this?

At the beginning of the war it was soon seen that it would be necessary to keep an open channel for shipping. A safe trade route must be kept clear. Hence this trawler fleet was organized, and in these last twenty-two months 21,000 ships used this channel, and of the ones that kept to orders and obeyed instructions only three met mishap.

Indiscriminate mine-laying was always a devilish device, but the German has excelled his master. Now he lays mines from submarines, and to do this these vessels need not come to the surface. They can creep to a trade route, fathoms below the ken of watching patrols, there to spew up these engines of destruction. The German mine is of ingenious construction and depends on six soft metal horns for detonation. Inside these horns are bottles containing sulphuric acid. On contact with a ship's hull the horns bend and the bottles break, liberating the acid, which indirectly causes the explosion.

When a mine is found it is treated with deference, and any tendency towards affectionate approaches is discountenanced with a boat-hook. It is not always that these fishermen realize their potentialities, however, and not long ago an earringed salt of the old school made a tow-rope fast to one of these detonating horns and towed it fourteen miles to harbour, where he delivered it to the authorities, who watched the latter part of his performance aghast. Yet another of his kind retrieved a mine and brought

it into harbour. He took it alongside a cruiser there and proudly announced his discovery. "Take the thing away from here," shouted the horrified officer of the watch. "It bean't dangerous," countered the discoverer. "Oi've been and knocked off all them spoiks with a boat-'ook." And he had.

Cheek by jowl with the trawlers lay a grey-painted mother ship to a fleet of submarines clustered around her affectionately. A smiling officer invited inspection of his ewe-lamb. "It's really quite roomy when you know your way about," he said, "and the motion's delightful." A submarine is an elongated cigar-shaped metal case. The man who designs her fills her full, quite full, of machinery. He then remembers that he has to put twenty-two men in her and he takes out some of the machinery, leaving three spaces about 6 feet square, always taking care there shall be sufficient excrescences to make the men careful how they walk. In the largest space, referred to airily as the mess, there is an electric stove that would delight a housewife. The stove naturally suggests that it is for cooking when submerged, but the commander dispels the theory. "The men would like to cook," he says, "but you can't have the reek of cabbage and stew when you're below; our ordinary stinks are enough."

Above the fish-backed structure called a deck a voice is heard remarking carefully that he is off on a "stunt" in an hour's time. What he means is that he will leave harbour and make for the open sea in the direction of the enemy coast. He will perhaps

submerge and nose his way, all by sense of touch, through German minefields, and at the end lie "doggo" on the bottom with the shadows of the War Lord's cruisers playing on his hull. In his own time he will rise, and when his periscope prism breaks the surface he will have perhaps five seconds to form his course of future action.

Quiet, unassuming men these that go under the sea in ships. They do things that would wreck a soldier's nerves in an hour, but they literally "come up smiling," perhaps a little tired-eyed and with throbbing temples, but without an idea that they are doing more than their duty.

THE BATTLE CRUISERS

THERE are those who lament the loss of all that is beautiful on the sea, and scathingly compare the modern Liverpool tramp with the three-decker of long ago. They ask you to look at the peeling paint and rusty sides, the squat masts and canted derricks, and against these they hold up the white decks and whiter sails, the yellow masts and yards of the ships of long ago. And comparison finds the palm awarded to the old-timer.

But there is a new beauty, a beauty of strength and power and speed that has been given us in the modern war-vessel. In a northern port the morning mists rise slowly, unevenly, and through the uncertain haze the lead-coloured silhouettes of great ships loom up. These are no walls of oak. They are gun emplacements of steel, ponderous and forbidding if you will, but with a beauty of their own. And as the haze lifts the eye lifts with it, following a vista of ships as far as sight may carry. Unwieldy funnels, tripod masts, fire-control platforms, hellish weapons in steel fortresses appear in long lanes.

It is as though the curtain had been unrolled to

show the very incarnation of war, the climax of man's devilish ingenuity. It is a city of steel with its streets, its squares, and its byways, the home of many souls. High above these floating fortresses spider-web wires stretch from mast to mast, the nerves of this huge fleet. On the quarter-deck of one ship a man walks meditatively, his hands clasped behind him. He is very much a man. True he has an extra inch of gold lace on his sleeve, the breast of his blue tunic is brightened by coloured ribbons ; but he is a man who might pass unnoticed amongst his fellows. Yet at a word from him 200,000 tons of steel is galvanized into life, huge screws churn the water, and the bow waves of many ships froth up to the hawse-pipes as " The Fleet " puts to sea. He gives the word, and the spider-web wires catch the distant spark and sputter of his signals. He is the brain of the Fleet, and the nerves of steel transmit his desire for action to this city upon the waters.

It oppresses, as a dream oppresses, and the immensity of it all is too great to grasp at a moment's notice.

A brisk destroyer glides down the Channel like the pilot fish to some huge shark following behind, and a cruiser in all her pompous might, ominous, threatening, crowds close on her heels. She is grey from masthead to water-line, and her monotony of tone is accentuated by the gaily coloured string of bunting that flutters upon her signal halyards. As she passes, a flash of light from the bridge winks through

the thinner mists as a searchlight stutters out a message to the smaller fry. Forward, amidships, and aft, great guns in pairs explain the reason of her being. In the old sense of the word this is no ship : rather a floating platform for huge weapons that throw 2,000 lb. of steel for ten or fifteen miles when one man tightens his finger on the brass pistol grip in her turrets.

Sheer sides, flat decks shorn of projections, and guns, always guns, are her outstanding features. It seems ridiculous to think that she floats at all, this great dead weight of metal. A bugle rings out short and sharp, and bare feet patter on steel ladders and wooden decks. Her hatches and companions vomit men. A wailing whistle, the seemingly ineffective pipe of the boatswain, conveys more than words. Six hundred men have been told in six unmusical notes what is wanted of them.

Up on the bridge the midshipman of the watch is filling in time talking to a friend about his last dance on shore. The decorous arms of the semaphore spell out the details of a scene laid in a conservatory in which figure a midshipman, a *pêche* Melba, and a girl. The yeoman of signals is writing near the telegraph, and the squeak of his pencil on the slate seems incongruous.

Far below a lieutenant mounts a bar-runged ladder to the top of " Q " turret and disappears through the steel canopy. Three men follow him. Inside there is the roar and rattle of moving machinery. The eye fails again. Levers, wheels, voice-tubes, and dials

fill all the wall space and much of the interior. The lieutenant bends down and turns a wheel. From a pit below comes the clang of metal on metal, and a massive lift tosses a shell 62 inches long towards the breech of the port gun, a thing of steel and brass 5 feet through. The breech opens with a half turn, and then one realizes that the devil must be in this machinery. With a rush, a chain rammer roars up from its vertical position behind the gun. It is like the chain of a bicycle, only its links are 6 inches through and are made to bend only one way, like a man's fingers. From the perpendicular it runs along horizontally, propelling the mighty projectile into the gaping maw of the waiting gun.

The process is repeated, but this time the rammer pushes in behind the shell the two great silk bags of cordite which send the ton of steel on its way. The last is sent home, the breech swings on its hinge and slowly turns, locking with the turning. A man approaches with a metal tube, not a span long, and inserts it in the breech centre. All is quiet again save for the noise of the hydraulic machinery and the overflow of the orders shouted into the copper-mouthed voice-tubes. There is a terrifying roar, none the less fearful for the fact that it is sustained and muffled, and the huge gun darts back with the recoil of the explosion. More slowly still it resumes its normal position, and almost before it has stopped its forward motion there is another shell waiting for the breech to open. And that is war—from one end. At the other there are the gaping decks, the blood-

stained floors and walls, the inrush of water, and the death cries of men made in the Creator's image.

Above the voice of the range-taker calls the ranges. "Ten eight hundred, ten eight-fifty, ten nine hundred," he calls monotonously, and one realizes that miles away is an enemy for which are destined these bolts of fire.

It is not always that these great ships steam self-confident down the Channel. Sometimes they come limping back to port, decks aslant and scarred, and then it is that the great dock caissons are opened and they go to sick bay. Ten years ago the plover and the tern circled above the low, flat banks of this great northern river. Where once was heard only the cry of the waterfowl there is now a mighty naval dockyard. Men have delved huge pits in the black mud and lined them with stone and mortar. Changing banks have been stayed and shored with granite, and the insane chatter of the pneumatic riveters has driven the whaup to the lowland moss hags. A huge steel door slowly swings open to admit a ship that has "gone sick." With infinite patience and care she is warped into her place, her stem pointing to the exact centre of the far wall of the dock. By evening, propped and shored, she is revealed in all her immensity, her swelling hull, her great screws, the overhanging flare of her bows giving one the idea of force and speed. Far below in the dock bottom pygmies with sledge-hammers shore up the keel blocks with wedges. In this huge pit the Archbishop of York addressed 80,000 sailors, and

they seemed to occupy but a small portion of the space. Giant props from hull to dock-sill take her weight, and in the great machine shops men are slaving under acres of glass roof, cutting, bending, and drilling the plates.

Thousands of men are working round these docks. There seems no particular control. Looking for a foreman one is perplexed to find that there is apparently no one in authority. In reality there is the closest supervision, and not a rivet is hammered in but what the work is checked and tested.

A short, heavily-built figure walks briskly along the caisson top. His hair is grey, but his stride is young. He typifies energy, and his voice is one of those voices which were made for the time of *Peter Simple*. It rings clear above the din of machinery as it would above the noise of a thirty-knot gale. It is a voice that is meant to give orders above the crack of bellying sails and the snap of halyards on yards and masts. This is the man for whom all this machinery starts its agitated chatter. It is at his bidding that the men swinging the heavy hammers in the dock are sweating, and when one sees him one scarcely wonders at the prodigious activity of it all. This man is a surgeon of metal, a dispenser for all the ills a ship is heir to. They come to him halt and maimed and go away cured.

As with the Fleet the vastness of it all finds one at a loss. Roget's *Thesaurus* has not synonyms enough to express its bigness or the infinite variety of its detail. There are machines that gibber at

you as they chip away bronze and iron as a wood-carver would cut kauri pine. There is one that chews steel plate and spits the fragments at your feet ; another that cuts clean holes through half-inch steel as an office punch cuts papers for filing. A saw-toothed ribbon of steel bites deep into a half-foot rod with the ease of a boy's fretsaw cutting cedar. And the men working all these things talk to each other and carry on a conversation amidst a maniacal clatter that beats on the ear-drums like a masseur's vibrator.

Not all the work is done above in the sun's light. By the entrance to a great dock two men turn unceasingly at the wheels on either side of a brass-bound box from which a pipe leads into the water. Twenty feet from the boat in which this air pump is being worked the water is constantly disturbed by streams of bursting bubbles. A diver is below removing débris that is blocking the caisson, the dock door. Presently he emerges, heavily lifting his 40 lb. leaden-soled boots from the water. Again it is the Navy at work, ubiquitous "Jacks of all trades," but masters of them all. Specialization is the essence of this ubiquity, but it is not carried too far, and the man who takes down the engine of the steam pinnacle to-day may be sending 2,000 lb. of metal towards the War Lord's Fleet to-morrow. "All cats catch mice on these ships," says the Admiral. In action the padre, his clergyman's collar contrasting strangely with the war machinery at his hand, gives out the ranges, and his voice does

not change. But for the fact that there are no hymns numbered "ten eight hundred" he might be thumbing the leaves of *Ancient and Modern*.

And so we leave this harbour of Mars, but we go away in a different frame of mind from that in which we came. When we wax patriotic and musical we sing that Britannia rules the waves. It may be cheap sentiment, but patriotism is like golf, the man who is playing the game can boast about it without bad taste. Over all is the idea that this is but the flying squadron of the great Armada of Britain. We may not rule the waves as yet, but our glass is rising, and when the pointer shows "stormy" we may rest assured that to us, at any rate, no harm will come as long as the morning mists rise above this great grey Fleet.

BUILDING THE WARSHIPS

IT is the Glorious First of June. One hundred and twenty-two years ago to-day the English Fleet under Lord Howe cleared its decks for action. Gun ports were opened, powder was brought up from below, and the gunners, stripped to the waist, passed the round shot from hand to hand, from lazarette to the batteries. The day ended with victory.

To-day, nearly a century and a quarter afterwards, England is fighting side by side with her foe of the First of June. The decks of her ships are again cleared for action, but they are different ships these. The walls of oak are gone. We now have walls of steel.

Have you ever lain awake in your bunk in a steamer and thought of all the work that must go to the building of such a vessel? You listen to the throb of the screws, the squeaking of the hull as it takes the strain of the heavy seas, the steady rhythmic beat of the engines. Above your bed the steel plates are neatly riveted, and you wonder who it is that puts the ship together and unites all the multitudinous parts that form its entity. It is easy for the

layman to think out the making of each separate particle of such a construction, but it is the combining of them that seems almost beyond the power of mortal man. I have seen on the Tyne and the Clyde the men who do these things and more : the men who build and equip the fleets of Britain. The merchantman is a work of months, and the brains of many men go to her making, but the battleship is as different from the tramp as is an alarm clock from a ship's chronometer. The man who builds a battleship has to build a hull that has to stand not only the strains of the seas, but the titanic forces of the great guns, and the energy of engines equal to the horse-power of a fleet of tramps.

By the river bank is a towering mass of steel and iron. It is almost, not quite, a battleship. She has been launched from the ways about a month, and now a hive of workmen swarm about her tall sides and buzz and clatter in the great hull. She is the embodiment of all that man has put into this business of killing his fellows that he has taken up so seriously of late years. The bows, as sharp as a knife, curve upwards until one would almost think that she must topple over. She looks as if she was made to cut the seas and spurn them past her sides, and in reality that is what she will do. Her decks are iron, for all wood planking has long ago been discarded. A shell landing on wooden decks would start fires, and for this reason these new decks are of steel.

Looking from the bridge to the bows one is im-

pressed with the enormous length of these ships. From her gun turrets to the flagstaff on her bows there is nothing to take away from this effect. Not a winch or a fan intake breaks the clear space. To the outsider this seems the embryo stage of a ship. It is not. We have seen the real beginning of a warship. She begins her being on paper, and from the paper plans are made wooden models of her many parts. Then one sees the vessel in molten form as the glowing crucibles spill the running metal into the moulds. At this stage turbine castings, gear wheels, and bed plates begin to take some sort of shape, and from now onward they never vary much. They come from the moulds rough castings and go through many stages before they are assembled, but each unit has now its final shape. A wood-worker's shop is in some respects not much different from these huge foundries and metal mills. There are planing machines, drills, punching machines, and saws, all counterparts of those used by the joiner, with the difference that for metal-working they are all built with one idea, the idea of strength, and they are in all cases many times larger than their prototypes of the joinery.

These are the beginnings of a ship. The clumsy hull on the river side is really the last stage but one. It is finished as to its shell, and now waits for its furnishings of guns and engines. The sheer sides are red with paint, put on, surely, by some post-impressionist, and the steel plates still bear the chalk marks of the man who fitted all this conglomeration

of metals together. In the shops a man chalks mystic hieroglyphics on a steel plate, and with that writing the plate becomes part of a ship. Where you now see a few letters and numbers, you know that in a week or so there will be a gun-mounting, a range-finder, or a fire hydrant. I envied that man with the chalk. It must be satisfying to walk over these huge hulls and with a movement of the fingers decide where even a ring-bolt must go.

The spectator looking at this prodigious activity would think that all the industry of the river must be centred here, but he would be very wrong. For nineteen miles the waterway is given over to the forge and the workshop. Steaming up the river one goes through a lane of giant slipways and huge scaffoldings. Spidery cranes tower above the roofs, or run backwards and forwards on overhead railways. It is an astonishing thing about the really big crane, that the greater the weight that it can lift, the more topheavy and unsubstantial it looks. One sees loads of 200 tons being transported the length of a shipyard on a wire, so thin that it is almost invisible from a little way off, suspended from a trellis work of steel that seems as if it would collapse if a high wind caught it. At one of these yards is a crane that will lift an express locomotive from the Tyne high-level bridge! For nineteen miles this waterway is dedicated to Vulcan. On either bank the hulls of ships of war are building, and above hangs the smoke pall from the countless furnaces.

Two years ago this river was the centre of the

great shipbuilding industry, but it was war that made it as it is now. On some of the stocks there are hulls begun in 1914. They are still unfinished, for they are merchantmen, and take a second place to the ships of His Majesty's Navy. Not all the vessels building are vessels of war, however. Cheek by jowl with a pair of destroyers is a ship of a class unknown in British waters. It is an ice-breaker for our Ally Russia, and as it stands with its ribs exposed, a skeleton of a ship, one can get some idea of its enormous strength. Its ribs are twice as thick as those of an ordinary vessel, and under the bows there is a giant propeller that will cut the thick pack ice as a carpenter's auger cuts soft wood. With this the vessel will literally plough through the white seas where no other class of ship could venture.

Every conceivable type of craft is on the stocks here. There are submarines that make Jules Verne's *Nautilus* look like a toy boat on the Kensington Round Pond. This war has seen the usefulness of the small craft, and in consequence they are building everywhere. Every yard is building destroyers, and they do not take long to build. In one yard there is a skeleton of a ship that will be sailing what some maps still call the German Ocean in less than two months. The work goes on always, and never for a minute does the din and clatter cease. As darkness falls flares are lit, and dawn sees tired men still bearing their weight on drills and riveters after hours of heavy labour.

Farther up the river is a yard where shells are

made as well as ships. Before the war this firm employed 1,200 men at this work, now they have 25,000 men and girls on their pay-rolls. Besides the men workers there are 13,000 girls in the shops, controlling automatic and semi-automatic shell-making machinery.

The shops themselves are airy and well lighted where the women work, but no amount of ventilation would make some of the bays comfortable for a layman. With astonishing persistence the British workman works in temperatures that put the Sahara in the shade, and he never doffs a garment. Men dressed in full suits, with a sweater and extra waistcoat to boot, swing giant cauldrons of molten metal about as if they were cold and were trying to restore their circulation. Here is the shop where the 15-inch shells are made. In one corner a blast furnace heats the great steel ingots and spits them forth when they reach a proper temperature.

Two sweating devils, armed with giant pincers, bear down on the red-hot mass and affix chains to it. There is a roar from overhead as the travelling crane gets under way and the ponderous ingot is swung away through the air, leaving a trail of sparks in its wake like some leisurely meteor. Two more devils with tongs seize it and slide it up-ended into a cylindrical slot. A wheel is turned and a great punch comes steadily down into the soft metal mass, pushing its way into it as though it were soft dough. Now the ingot is beginning to take shape; it is getting more like the conventional shell. It is like

an elongated thimble as it swings away to the drawing machine. Here, as the name of the operation implies, the shell is stretched until it is over 5 feet in length. It is again punched before it is allowed to leave the shop for the place where it is put on a lathe. Here the dull oxydized outer skin is peeled off in much the same way as an apple-peeler takes the skin from an apple. There is a man to look after this lathe, but his presence seems superfluous. The lathe has long ago made up its mind how much metal is to come off this particular shell, and when it thinks it has done enough it stops with a satisfied grunt. All the time the cutting is going on a jet of water is playing on the cutting tool, and so hot does this get that the water seethes and bubbles as it touches it. These shells weigh 14 lb. short of the 2,000 when they are finished. This is no secret, for our enemies have felt the weight of some of them ! Out of every batch of ten, one is cut for testing purposes. Some of the tools for the boring and " lining " of these larger projectiles weigh 24 tons.

On another floor the weapons that are destined to hurl these missiles are made. One is confronted with a hopeless nightmare of figures and calculations, but one fact is worth noting. The modern big gun is made with a core of solid steel around which is wound steel wire. On the biggest guns in use now there are between 140 and 170 miles of this wire !

Now all you people who have not seen these things take warning and remember yourself in time when you are next tempted to say, " What are we doing

in the way of building ships? Why haven't we got submarines and other craft like the Germans?" Such doubtings are worse than heresy. They are rank injustice, for up there in the North there are men who are giving you their very life-blood that you should be free. There is one firm there that has given the Government engines representing 1,000 indicated horse-power per day since the beginning of the year. To do that the men with the brains had to work long into the nights, the men who used their hands had to sweat and toil for long shifts, but they have achieved their object, and will be able to say to themselves, "We have done our best."

THE GRIST HOUSE

*[With acknowledgments for suggestions received at
The Gift House, 48 Pall Mall.]*

EVELYN has got some steady congenial work at last. She is helping at the Grist House, where they receive and sell gifts for the benefit of a great and deserving charity. She is engaged in selling other people's property at prices that draw even the dealers. In the Grist House you can buy anything from a Great Dane dog to a lock of hair from the head of Marie Antoinette's maid-in-waiting. All these things are given, or one might almost say extorted, from citizens who have spent long years in collecting. Evelyn has taken her degree in the art of extortion. She goes to a friend's house to dinner in London, or in the country for a week-end, and comes away with perhaps a hundred pounds' worth of pictures, plate, postage stamps, pottery, old prints. She takes these to the Grist House and tickets them. Every time she is asked out she brings grist to the Grist House ; so beware.

The men and women who hand over these things in their generous after-dinner moods often relent when they come down to breakfast and look the

matter over in the light of day. Then they come to the Grist House and buy them back. They come up from their country houses disguised and wearing false whiskers and false sang-froid. At the end of the street they remove the former, and the latter falls from them automatically. If they are lucky they strike a day when Evelyn is not on duty and they are able to buy back their treasures at a rate that would seem impossible if they had time to think about it at all. If she is there, they come in with an air of charity, and end up by buying a great many things that they have no use for. This is the essence of the business. It is a great thing to consolidate the supply and demand in one person. If you can persuade a man to give a piece of tapestry worth £200 and buy it back at double that price, you are exactly £400 to the good.

I went into the Grist House the other day and found Evelyn attired in a holland overall and a disarming smile. She started on me before I had decided whether to take off my hat or remain covered. She tried to sell me a donkey, a Murillo, a Spanish scarf, a Roman coin, an autograph letter of Louis XV and a pair of boots worn by George R. Sims at the coronation of Queen Anne.

I feigned deafness.

Then a man came in who was obviously a purchaser. He sauntered down the length of the room and looked all about him. Evelyn was on to him like a seagull on to a piece of fish. "Have you seen this old glass?" she asked, and dragged

him across the floor. He did not seem interested in old glass and tried to tell her so, but she was in no mood to listen. "This carpet is beautiful, isn't it?" she purred as she turned over a many-coloured rug. Still nothing doing. Then she tried him with a sauce-boat, a Castilian wedding canopy, a meerscham pipe and a pair of jet earrings. All this time he was trying to speak, but he had as much chance of getting out three syllables as a Democratic candidate at a Republican meeting in Lame Dog City, Cal. At last Evelyn stopped and the man got a word or two in thinwise. "I've come about the electric light," he said.

Presently she did get a real purchaser. He had picked up a Dresden group. "That is most interesting," said Evelyn impressively; "it is an ancient piece of Ming chinaware, about three hundred years before Yuan Shi Kai. Its price is only thirty guineas. Shall I wrap it up for you?" "I'm afraid not," said the man. "You see I presented it myself last week. I didn't know it was Chinese, though," he said pleasantly. Again Evelyn was stumped.

They have got to such a state of perfection in the Grist House that they can tell what a man's income is to ten pounds before he has been in a minute. If the visitor is really well off and runs into five figures per annum the whole staff of lady-helps rises as one woman and hems him in. For every thousand you come down one less assistant gets up. When I go in there is never a move, and that is as

it should be. Two days ago a man came in wearing an anxious look and a Harris tweed suit. He looked a three-figure man at the most, and Evelyn got up from her seat and then sat down again languidly. The man glanced round the various exhibits, and at last looked rather inquiringly at Evelyn. She dropped her book and her blasé look and said sweetly, "Have you come to look round?" The man said he had, and asked the price of a diamond necklace. He was told it was two hundred and fifty pounds, and Evelyn and I watched to see him faint. Instead he drew out his cheque-book and said, "Who shall I make out the cheque to?"

In five minutes he had the whole staff round him. In five more he had bought an Irish terrier, some Irish lace and an Irish glass dessert-bowl. Then he was shown a fly-whisk, a Maori axe, an amethyst intaglio, and a Rembrandt. He signed cheques for all these. Then Evelyn tried to sell him his own walking-stick, which he had put down in a corner. When he left finally he had come to the last cheque in his book, and the floor was littered with his purchases.

Then every now and then there are quite immaculately dressed men who stroll in and pick up the different articles and put them down again without a word. They are obviously dealers in these things, and they wear the air of a Sergeant of Grenadiers escorting a batch of "Group 49's" past Wellington Barracks. Sometimes they see something that pleases them and they allow a little animation to

creep into their sad faces. Then they take out magnifying glasses and gaze long and intently at hall-marks and initials. Sometimes they sign cheques, too ; but when they do the Grist House people know that the sale is not one to be proud of.

One of the greatest works of the War is being carried on at the Grist House, and I have yet to meet a man who was not satisfied with a purchase made there. Its chief merit to me is that it keeps Evelyn busy, and now she need not cut her hair and her skirts short and don khaki and a Sam Browne belt. Evelyn always does things thoroughly, and I am pleased to say that she is just now going through her visiting list, putting a mark against all those people who have still got some old china or prized antiques hidden away. If she has her way all her friends will have exchanged their collections amongst themselves before the War finishes. Perhaps, when peace is declared, they will be able to sort them out again.

PLAYING THE BYE

THE Ayshire coast curves gently, edged with white green-topped sand dunes. Over the water, Arran, veiled in mist, lies like some fairy isle, fading from view and reappearing as the winds of the sea sweep round the channel of Bute Sound and curl about Pladda.

On the mainland of Ayr a rampart of sand keeps the sea from the links and protects the greens from the salt spray. This is such a course as the best golfers love, but it is strangely deserted to-day. A gull stands on the first tee undisturbed. No one calls "Fore," even the caddy-house is silent. There are occasional sounds from the club-maker's workshop, however, and as I peer into the shadowy room from the bright sunlight I see a very old man bending over his work. "My hands is a wee bit stiff whiles," he mutters half apologetically, "but I'll do it wi' the best o' them again." And then, bit by bit, he tells why it is that he has left the warm chimney-corner and come back here to do work that he has not done for fifteen years.

His son was the professional club-maker here, and when the war came he had laid aside the spokeshave and the rasp and donned the kilt and the khaki

tunic. I asked what regiment he had joined. The old man's answer was typical. "The Argylls," he said, "and what else, him bein' a Campbell? He was trainin' doon in England for six months, and then he went tae France for the battle o' Loos. He was a sergeant, he was, and he led his men when his officer was killed. It was about the evening when they brought him in, and there was no' much left o' him, for a bit o' a shell had got him in the chest. He died there, and I had word from his major a fortnight since. He's comin' this forenoon to tell me the way he died. And maybe you'd like to stay and hear, too, for Jamie liked you fine, and he used to tell me that you were a fine one wi' the driver, but awfu' weak on the short game."

Presently the Major came. There are some men to whom other men take an instinctive liking at first sight. Here was one of them. He was tall, but broad, with eyes clear and blue, and thick, close hair that curled under the edge of his Glengarry. He shook hands with the old man silently, and looked inquiringly at me. I rose to go, but old Andrew stopped me. "He knew Jamie" was all he said.

Then the Major told the story of the hopelessness of an attack that overreached itself. Now and again he spoke, as if inspired, of the great heroism of his men. "I saw Jamie afterwards, just before he went. He was cheery, and not in pain, and he asked me to tell you he was happy that he had saved for you and you would not want for anything. Just

before he died, when his breath came hardly, he said : ‘ Tell father I’m going from the rough to the fairway, and that it was a fine game.’ ”

The old man laid his head on the bench before him, and his silver hair mingled with the clean white shavings from the club shafts, but he said nothing, and presently he straightened himself and his old eyes kindled. “ If they’d have me I’d be off and away now, but I must just bide here and keep up Jamie’s wee bit business, e’en though he has left us.”

Again the knotted hands took up their work for a while, and the Major signalled to me, and we rose to go. “ I’ve got something for ye here,” said old Andrew, and he rose to fumble in a pile of half-finished clubs in the corner of the shop. “ It was a club that Jamie was makin’ fo’ ye afore ye both left here, but he never finished it. I was puttin’ on the grip for you last nicht. It was this brassie. No, don’t be thankin’ me, for I did naething but the shaft and the grip, though I’ll no be sayin’ they’re no done well.”

I saw the club as he handed it over. It was a bonny head, but the shaft was scored by bad work and the grip was lapped and folded as if a child had put it on. The waxed threads that bound it were all overtwisted and the varnish for the thread had run down the leather and the wood and botched it sadly. But the old man handed it to the Major as if it were the most perfectly finished club in the world, and the Major took it in the same way, as if it were a king’s gift.

As we went over to the club-house, I asked the Major what he was going to do with his gift. "Of course, you will have to get it re-shafted?" I asked, with intention; and his answer was the one that I wanted. "It's worth my whole bag of sticks," he said, "and the shaft is the best part of it."

THE KNEELING HAMLET

THE dignity and magnificence of a great cathedral impress and enthrall, but the simple beauty of a country church appeals to a deeper emotion. In time of exile and anguish, when ties of home and country tug at our heart-strings, it is the little village church that one calls to mind rather than the great fane of an abbey or the cloistered pile of a cathedral.

Such a church lingers in my memory. Its grey shingled spire rises; century-old trees and its chimes blend, when the wind lists, with the crash of the waves on the Sussex shore. It crests its grassy rise and is outlined against soft blue English skies. Around it cluster the graves of generations, marked by stones too age-weary to stand upright, their eloquence hidden behind embroideries of green moss. For 600 years this little church has stood, and despite its grave sweet calm it has seen the bloody tides of battle dash very close to its grey walls. Bullet holes may be seen in its oaken door, relics of a time when it was a sanctuary for broken and hunted men. Well and faithfully has it been

built, so well that modern village tools are blunted on its oak beams when repairs are necessary. Faith and trust, devotion and love, and artistic skill of the highest order have made it, and time has mellowed all its tints and hung it with vivid emerald. Down the long ages it has been the setting of village lives, christenings, marriages, burials. Now, after a long season of calm, the roar of guns may be heard blending with the music of its bells. The world is at war, but still Peace stays here, amidst its jewelled lights and dim shadows. It is a *pax dolorosa*, but of infinite consolation.

On the congregation, as in the world outside, the war has wrought great changes. It has awakened from complacent selfishness to a passionate patriotism, eager service and a sympathy to which sorrow appeals. There are few young men in the pews. A crippled lad, who never until now bewailed his infirmity, and two wounded soldiers are there, both of the parish. One sits beside his widowed mother, who has got him home for five precious days. He is her only son, but her worn face is almost exultant as she sings the National Anthem. Behind her sits a girl, wife for a week and now a widow. A keen-faced, grey-haired man stands erect, facing the world proudly in the knowledge that he has made the great sacrifice. He has lost two sons in the North Sea, and another, a mere lad, is fretting to serve his country. His youth, not his parents' will, prevents him, though the beautiful old house now set in its summer leaf and flower will be desolate without him.

A young mother, between two little sons, puts a tender arm about each as they pray for those in peril, and she wonders if her gratitude for their youth is selfishness. The row of small scouts in the front seat are awe-inspiring in their dignity and uprightness, and the smallest, who sneezes, is regarded by the others with reproach. They are a by-product of the war, and in years to come the nation will be richer for the lessons of service, self-denial, and patriotism that they are now eagerly learning.

The women of the village, in their scant leisure, find time for war work, and even the smallest girls crave for tasks to help the soldiers and find pleasure in doing them. The service seems to have gained in beauty and strength, and the words one has repeated all these careless years are now pregnant with meaning. The appeal of the prayers, the triumph of the militant Psalms, the passionate belief in the Resurrection are all intensified in this storm of life. What other consolation has squire or peasant whose homes are empty? The little church, for all its calm and decorum, is an arena of deep emotion, but it is fraught with more than sorrow.

Into the summer sunshine and the hay-scented breezes one carries back to the daily round comfort, consolation, and a fresh strength to face anxiety and sorrow, and a little of the peace that "passeth all understanding." After centuries the little church is still the sanctuary where souls, hunted by doubt and despair, find peace and rest.

THE UNBURIED

(AT ANZAC, DURING THE BLIZZARD IN THE
WINTER OF 1915)

*NOW snowflakes thickly falling in the winter
breeze*

*Have cloaked alike the hard unbending ilex
And the grey drooping branches of the olive trees,
Transmuting into silver all their lead.
Between the winding lines in No-man's-land
Are softly covered with a glittering shroud
The unburied dead.*

*And in the silences of night when winds are fair,
When shot and shell have ceased their wild surprising,
I hear a sound of music in the upper air
Rising and falling till it slowly dies—
The beating of the wings of migrant birds
Wafting the souls of these unburied heroes
To Paradise.*

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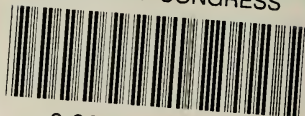
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